JOHN BULL, JULY 24, 1937

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1623.

SILVER SCREEN SLAVES SEE PAGE SEVENTEEN

JOHN BULL

Ingersoll
LEGION
WATCHES & CLOCKS

For over 40 years Ingersoll has maintained a world reputation for dependability, accuracy and sterling value. The Ingersoll Legion Watches and Clocks inherit this tradition. They embody the latest advances in the scientific construction of accurate timekeepers. Each Ingersoll Legion Watch and Clock is of handsome modern design and specially tested and adjusted to ensure reliability.
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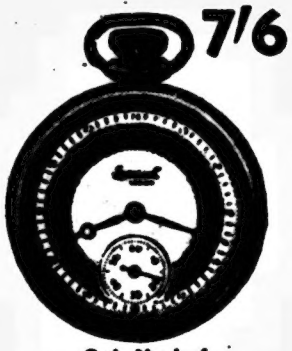

7/6

Code No. 1—4 Chromium Case, Oval Bow and Pendant. Unbreakable Crystal Silvered Metal Dial with Gilt Figure Ring 7/6. Code No. 1—5 (Radiolite Dial) 10/6.

15/-

Code No. 226 Chromium Case. Mirage Shape. Silk band. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial 15/-

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Pocket Watches
7/6 to 25/-
Men's Wrist Watches
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Code No. 228 Rolled Gold Case. Paris Shape. Silk band. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial 25/-

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The Watch illustrations are Two-thirds actual Size and the Alarm Clock half actual size.

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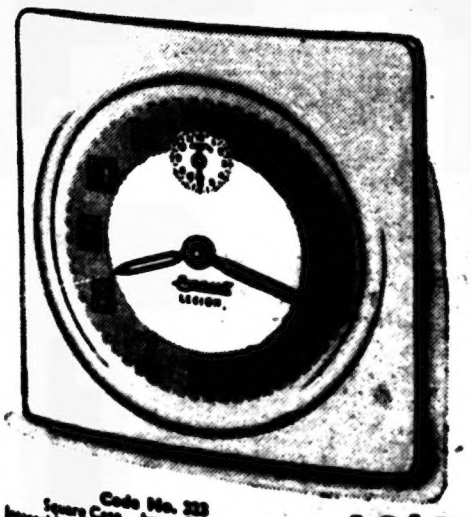

Code No. 223 Square Case. Ivory, Black or Green. Neural Alarm. Convex Glass. Fancy Dial. 10/6. Code No. 224. (Radiolite Dial) 15/-

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223, St. John Street, LONDON, E.C.1.
Ingersoll Watches and Clocks are Sold by Ingersoll Accredited Agents everywhere.
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Code No. 223 7 jewelled movement. Rectangular Chromium Case. Leather strap. Unbreakable Crystal. Silvered Metal Dial 30/-

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Code No. 221 Chromium Case. Unbreakable Crystal. Special Sports - timing Dial with centre Seconds Hands. 15/-

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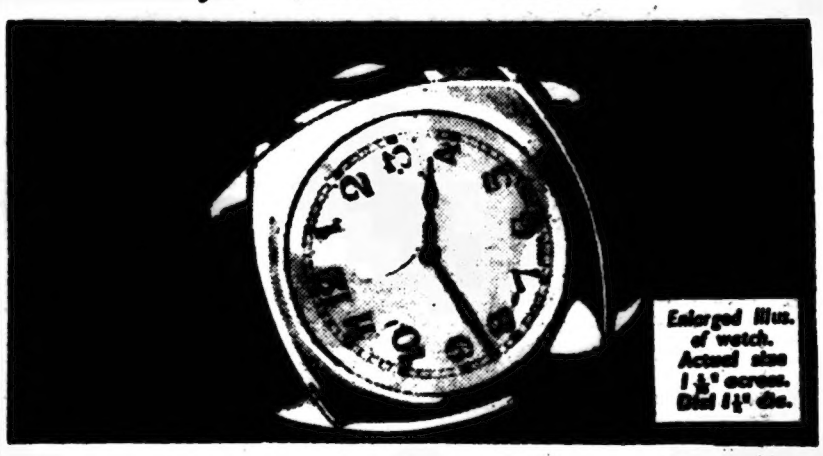
For this Magnificent

WRIST WATCH PRESENTATION

for "John Bull" Readers



SO overwhelming has been the demand for this wonderful Swiss-Made Lever Movement Wrist Watch that "John Bull" readers are given, as a special Concession, ONE FURTHER OPPORTUNITY to secure this magnificent Presentation. This splendid watch is offered to you ALMOST AS A GIFT to introduce you to "Modern Wonder," the great Science and Adventure paper for boys of all ages. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Don't miss this one further splendid opportunity. Fill in and post the Reservation Forms below NOW!

Strongly made, this watch is fitted with **SHOCK-PROOF LEVER MOVEMENT, GUARANTEED FOR 12 MONTHS.** The cushion-shaped case protects the finely-balanced movement from dust and damp. Its unvarnishable chromium plating ensures everlasting brilliance. It is fitted with a **REAL LEATHER STRAP** and an **UNBREAKABLE GLASS,** which protects the ivory white face and metal hands.

All you are asked to do is, AS A NEW READER, to give "Modern Wonder" a fair trial—simply take it for 16 weeks, commencing with the issue JUST OUT, in return "Modern Wonder" will send you this superb Presentation.

There is nothing more to do, nothing more to pay, other than the nominal sum of 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence), which includes the cost of packing, insurance and delivery to your home, etc.

"Modern Wonder" is packed with graphic pictures, articles and thrilling stories by famous scientists, explorers, inventors, etc. . . . 16 big pages, many in full flashing colours.

We could not afford to make this offer were we not sure that after you have become acquainted with "Modern Wonder" you will want to read it regularly.

DO THIS NOW Fill in the Reservation Form "A" and Label below. Affix halfpenny stamp to label, and post now. This reserves your watch. On receipt of Reservation Form and Label "Modern Wonder" will send your **VOUCHER** on which you qualify by cutting out 16 consecutive Tokens from separate issues of "Modern Wonder." Applicants from this announcement may start with the Token "M.W." No. 10 to be found in the bottom right-hand corner of the inside back cover of the issue just out. **NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE WRIST WATCH.**

APPLY AT ONCE The demand following this announcement will be enormous—so apply AT ONCE!

POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

.....CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL.....

A **SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM**
PRESENTATION WRIST WATCH

RESERVATION FORM

Post to "Modern Wonder" (Dept. 4.W.B.), 3, Arne St., London, W.C.2

This form reserves the Wrist Watch for you.

Please reserve my Wrist Watch and send me an official Voucher on which to qualify. I am NOT already a reader of "Modern Wonder" and have not purchased "Modern Wonder" for the past month. I promise to give "Modern Wonder" a fair trial for 16 weeks. I have placed an order with my newsagent for the regular supply of "Modern Wonder" and give his name and address for verification.

New Reader's Signature.....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS — Full Postal Address .....

Newsagent's Name.....

Address .....

Date.....

Last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Thursday, August 5.

This Form with label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

This offer applies only to those residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. Applications from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

Leave Blank. Verified

Reserving Subscription John Bull 24-7-37

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU.

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

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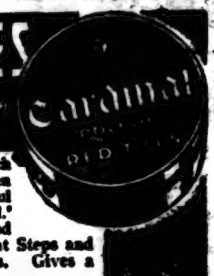
RED TILES



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Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

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NOTE THE PRICE 21/- as sold elsewhere at £2-2-0

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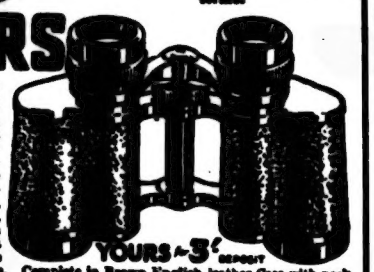

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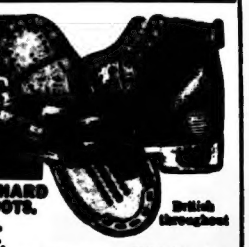

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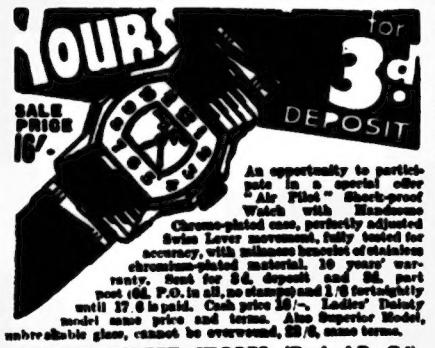

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Patent Spring Seat. Solid Oak Frame. Turned Legs. 3 Velvet Cord Cushions, colours to suit everyone. Send for new coloured catalogue of Wonderful Bargains in Upholstered Chairs, Bedroom and Dining Room Suites.

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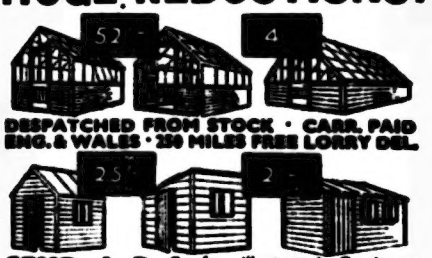

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 24, 1937. Twopence.
Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

CHILDREN Shamefully Cheated

ON Saturday, July 24, the Minister of Health is going to meet a deputation. "Just another deputation." Nobody takes them very seriously nowadays.

But he is going to pay very cial heed to this one.

Its message will be very much like an S from a beleaguered city—a city that 't hold out much longer.

It will be a message on behalf of three lion mothers and children who are victims greater or lesser degree of milk starvation are suffering mentally and physically as sult.

Their spokesmen will be members of the ildren's Minimum Council, a non-Party anisation with the support of twenty-six ding welfare organisations. The Minister ed not fear that he is being nobbled by the liticians.

ND the case they will put will be one that should stir the national conscience.

We have been looking at some of the ures yielded by enquiries conducted by this anisation—or by sympathetic organisa- ns helping it.

One set took us to Newcastle. There, ere has been a weighing and testing of ildren whose parents can't afford them milk ny quantity.

Fifty per cent. were too squat; more than per cent. were under weight.

Then there was a test of better-off ildren. The figures were 5 and 13 per cent. spectively.

We came across another test. Only 20 per nt. of the children unable to get proper ilk supplies passed anæmia tests as "satis- ctory."

Another set of figures whisked us to rdiff.

Bearing in mind that a child should have om one to two pints of fresh milk a day—is its birthright—an expectant or nursing other two pints and other adult members the family half a pint, what do you think of hat we found in Cardiff?

TESTS of one of the working-class groups showed that 24 per cent. of the children were living in homes where no spot of ilk ever entered.

A more widespread test suggests that the oor of Cardiff have about a pint of milk per ead per week: the better-off four pints.

Now the Rhondda. As regards one par- icular group, the households having no fresh ilk supplies at all house one-third of the hildren.

And Durham. It was found that among e poorest, the drinking of neat milk—that , milk apart from what is used in tea, etc, is unknown.

But no need to keep picking and choosing mong the districts.

Over Britain as a whole we should drink seven pints of milk a day for each eight people. That is the minimum health standard.

Actually, including condensed and dried milk, we have only four pints a day for each eight people.

Generally speaking, families with less than 10s. a week per head manage to get about a pint a day among six—less than a fifth of normal requirements.

But that's generalising. When you start selecting, the poor of Stockton-on-Tees, the Rhondda, the Yorkshire coalfields, average so little that they'd say "O-o-o-ooh!" at a sixth of a pint daily.

The worst point of the tragedy—an obvious one—is that the family that can't afford milk is unlikely to make up the deficiency with other foods.

Plenty of milk—but too often beyond the reach of those who need it most

We are not belittling the wonderful work of maternity and child welfare centres that distribute cheap or free milk. They, unfortunately, only manage to supply a pint of milk a day for 150,000 people.

And the Milk Marketing Board does its best within its powers. But the remedy does not really lie in its hands.

In any case, the women and children whose health is suffering because their poverty deprives them of milk number more than three million.

We know that it all boils down to a question of price. In Sweden, for instance, where milk is 1½d. a pint, the consumption is three times higher than here.

Our milk is just about the dearest in the world. Certainly it is the dearest in North-West Europe—dearer than in that land of high prices, the United States.

That's why we find ourselves looking into the pinched faces of hundreds of thousands of our children with shame That's why the Minister has got to do something.

WHY, a family with three children and an expectant mother would have to pay a milk bill of 13s. 3d. a week—if it consumed what good health demands it should consume.

You may ask: What about the cheap milk their children can get at school? It's extraordinary how the effects of that are magnified.

If two of those three children got cheap milk at school the domestic milk bill would still be 12s. 10d.

There are many countries that supply pregnant and nursing mothers with a litre (1.76 pints) of milk a day—some of the nations we call backward.

We, enlightened as we are, charge the poor round about 3½d. a pint, while one-third of our milk supplies pour into factories for the manufacture of milk chocolate, combs, buttons and so on at about 5½d. a gallon.

We don't grumble so much about the huge quantities sold as cheaply as 3½d. a gallon for cheese and butter-making.

The solution is a State scheme.

Such a State scheme as was promised by Lord de la Warr when Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture as long ago as November, 1935.

Hopes were revived when the Minister of Health announced he was "considering" such a scheme just a year ago. And still nothing has been done, and the tragic plight of the milk-starved gets worse.

Well, on Saturday that Minister will be told that those three million women and children can be supplied with the daily quantity of milk they require at 1½d. a pint—at a cost to the State of about £1,600,000 annually.

Think of a battleship. . . .

Now think of a starving child. What should the Minister do?

Straight From The Shoulder

Dockers Unearth Plague Peril

Rascally Pastor gets his Desserts—Battle for the Beauty Spots—Noble Experiment Making New Men

NOW that the fear is banished the facts can be made known. The East End of London, with its closely housed myriad population, has narrowly escaped the deadly peril of bubonic plague.

That is the plain truth about the case of the s.s. *Somali*, cargo liner, recently lying in King George V Dock, North Woolwich.

When the ship, home from Japan and China, was discharging general cargo—*which included consignments of foodstuffs*—the men unloading refused to work because they found the holds were rat-infested.

A report as to the unpleasant condition of the ship reached the Port of London Sanitary Authority. There was the additional information that some of the rats escaped ashore in timber from the ship.

Under Guard

Immediate precautions were taken under the direction of Dr. C. F. White, the Port Sanitary Officer. A police guard was placed over the ship. Examination showed that rats killed by the dockers in the ship were infected with plague. Other dead rats had died from the plague.

Dockers: Found danger

Every particle of cargo was unloaded from the ship into lighters. Twice the vessel was fumigated. Cyanide gas was pumped into every nook and cranny. Boarding and wood casings were torn away to allow the gas to percolate throughout the ship. The cargo also was sterilised.

A Rare Haul

More than *six hundred black plague rats* were exterminated in the process; an exceptional number, for it is rare indeed a modern cargo vessel, when cleared of its dangerous vermin, is found to harbour as many as a hundred rats.

Not until the authorities were completely satisfied that the *Somali* was cleansed and purified was the ship permitted to reload cargo and clear for the port of Hamburg.

Horrible Prospect

Now an amazing point is this: the s.s. *Somali* obtained a rat-free certificate at Kobe, Japan, at the end of April.

A little more than two months later the ship comes, rat-ridden, to the greatest port in the world. Six hundred plague rats are killed aboard her.

Imagination is not needed to picture the horrible possibilities if the dockers had not ceased work and thus drawn attention to the state of the ship.

Danger to Life

Apart from considerations of danger to life, the Port of London would have been branded as "plague infested," with the resultant incalculable dislocation to commerce.

And yet without much trouble or great expense all ships can be made absolutely rat-proof.

False Economy!

The rats make their nestings behind the woodwork of a ship's hold. Quite simple in the building of a ship or in its overhaul to protect all possible rat-runs with thin steel plates or wire-netting. If the rats are given no home room they will never settle in a ship.

Neither marine architects nor shipowners appear to consider such a matter as worthy of importance.

The owners, it would seem, prefer to pay the constant recurring expense in the chemical "de-ratting" of their vessels rather than take the essential elementary precautions for safeguarding public health and the cargoes they carry.

A Pension Windfall

A few weeks ago a Stroud ex-soldier applied to us regarding his pension.

His left arm had been amputated and he thought that he might be entitled to an increase of pension on account of the site of his amputation.

Our Pensions Expert at once made representations to the Ministry of Pensions and, as a result, our reader's award has been increased by 10 per cent. with effect from September 3, 1919. When JOHN BULL takes a job in hand, *it gets done.*

Tardy Mercy

A prison sentence which surprised the whole country is to be remitted—and not before time.

When Ronald Hugh Stowell Phillips, impulsive 18-year-old son of a vicar, was sent to jail for twelve months for trying to seduce an R.A.F. man from his duty, there was an immediate outcry against the severity of the sentence.

Now, after keeping Phillips in Wakefield Prison for the equivalent of a six months' sentence, the youth is to be released. Such tardy charity loses all quality of mercy.

First Aid—Last

From Tow Law, in Durham, comes a damnable story of a man rushed home from work with appendicitis. The ambulance was sent for. It didn't arrive for an hour, but in the meantime somebody called by car to ask whether the family had paid to the ambulance fund.

It had, as it happened, for four years. But that isn't the point. Even in the wilds of Borneo there is an instinct that prompts people to render speedy aid to those in extremity.

A Bogus Pastor

We are glad that that plausible rogue and bogus pastor Reginald Thomas Collyer has at last found his way to the Old Bailey, where he was sentenced to two years' hard labour for bigamy.

Pastor Collyer: Plausible rascal

Apart from his legal wife, this silver-tongued impostor has duped two other "wives" in his time. It is over four years ago since JOHN BULL denounced Collyer for the out-and-out humbug he is. It is a pity his preying on simple folk in London and Northumberland, where he had many followers, was not terminated with a prison sentence long ago.

He Ran Away

Reginald Victor Bruton (38) ran away leaving his wife and children a charge on public funds. Despicable conduct, for he sent his wife no money, and it cost the P.A.C. £129 2s. 3d. to support his family.

At Chatham, where Bruton was charged, he told that after a fifteen months' fruitless search for work he was now in a job likely to last a number of years, and offered to pay 35s a week to his wife and 8s. a week off the debt.

But Bruton's offer was rejected. The relieving officer said he had been asked to press the case "because the man is well able to maintain the family." So what do they do? Bruton is sent down for two months with hard labour.

Obviously some punishment was called for, but by the way it works out only the community will be penalised, for now both Bruton *and* his family will be chargeable to the country.

Sitting Pretty

Despite the urgency of some reform to deal with inequalities of Parliamentary representation you can rest assured that the Government will lose no sleep puzzling ways and means.

Although the Prime Minister has promised sympathetic consideration to the question, members of the Conservative Party generally feel they are sitting pretty just now and are not at all eager to be disturbed by any reshuffling of seats.

Get a Move On

There must be nothing of the policy of "this year—next year—sometime—never" about introducing holidays with pay.

If in France M. Blum could put it through in a couple of months, it is the duty of our Government to see that the boon is operating here by this time next year—at the latest.

The Ramblers' M.P.

Hats off to Mr. G. Mander, M.P., for introducing his Bill to secure access by the public to uncultivated moors and mountains.

Mr. Mander, M.P.: Open beauty spots

Too many beauty spots of Britain are forbidden to the rambler because of selfish interests.

There is no question of demanding access to cultivated land. It is access to the "waste land" that the ramblers are having to fight for in Parliament.

And they are already threatened with strong opposition from the die-hard Tory squires.

Ratepayers, Beware

Ratepayers all over the country should be on their guard. The Government has told local authorities that many houses are under-assessed and should be raised.

Encouraged by this, local valuation committees will try clapping on extra assessments with a heavy hand.

Ratepayers and householders must watch their assessment notices and remember that they have the right to appeal—if they lodge their appeals in the proper time.

Making New Men

It needed courage and an abundant faith to start the noble work now being accomplished by "An Order of Friends" for the unemployed in the stricken areas of Lancashire and South Wales.

Yet that courage and faith is being justified, and after seven years' activity this commendable experiment in Quaker social and reconstructional work is providing a creative and useful life for hundreds of men who were growing embittered by long idleness.

Without doubt, this is work which should be extended and financially encouraged.

A Radio Riddle

We are able to reveal an interesting sidelight on the disappearance of Miss Amelia Earhart. It is known that wireless messages calling for help purporting to come from the missing aviators were received over a wide area.

What is not generally known is that although some of the earlier messages might have been genuine, it is suspected that powers bigger than the hidden practical joker were behind most of the others.

Naval Anxiety

To-day, high naval authorities here and in the U.S. are anxious to discover the owners and location of the transmitters from which these messages were sent. There is ample proof that many and merchant ships searching for Miss Earhart were misled by bogus directions. This might be done in time of war. Hence the anxiety.

Pageant Fiascos

Yet another pageant has proved a failure. Local hospitals will not receive a penny from the £3,000 Woolwich Coronation affair. As usual, expenses proved too much.

The show at Langley Park a couple of years ago in aid of the King George Jubilee Trust Fund lost over £4,000. And the great Runnymede Pageant, which took approximately £12,000 in money, was also a financial failure.

Pageants will have to provide much more spectacular balance sheets if public confidence is to be maintained.

"Skimming"

It looks as though far too many people are skimming something else besides profits off milk.

The Medical Officer of Health for Bethnal Green has reported on the increasing quantity of milk sold in the borough containing less than the required amount of fat.

Now the Medical Officer of Salford, while reporting an improvement in the city, points out that 3 per cent. of the samples tested are under standard.

Why This Ban?

The War Office has issued a book of instructions to the presidents of Army canteens and institutes.

It says that the lady friends of soldiers are not to be allowed to come with them into these institutes.

So long as they behave themselves, why not? Invidious distinctions like this won't do much to solve the Army problem of being 40,000 under strength.

The Dread Disease

We cannot support the suggestion made by Mr. F. G. Ralphs, the Manchester county coroner, that publicity attached to cancer research work is "definitely harmful."

A few sensitive people might be frightened and suffer tragic delusions. That *is* unfortunate, but many lives may be saved by warning people of the value of seeking early advice if they suspect contact with this dread disease. The fear is much less harmful than the prevalence given to many of the quack "cures" and "remedies."

KNOCK-OUTS

Lord Nuffield: "There are no better workers in the world than in the British Isles."—*"Nuff" said!*

* * *

Mr. Justice Hawke: "Nature has provided women with nails to scratch and teeth to bite."—*Not forgetting "dirty end of the stick."*

* * *

Mr. G. D. H. Cole: "Fascism merely deems men fools and irrational but wants to keep them so."—*But them to "hell" in fact.*

* * *

Dr. Winnington Ingram (Bishop of London): "To give up worship for golf is all wrong."—*Likely to lead player in a hole.*

WICKED Divorce Scandal

WE are to have saner divorce. Whatever the fate of the Divorce Bill, that much is certain.

With few exceptions, even the opponents of the present ure have been touched to the very depths ories they have heard of men and women in a marital purgatory.

hey have voted against the Bill only because consciences rebel against part of it. That up the views of most people who would see . P. Herbert's parliamentary child die the

ine well-meaning people out of ten have e convinced, at last, that a single act of lity is one of the least reasons why a age should be dissolved.

ear old Mrs. Seton-Tiedeman, of the Divorce Reform Union, who has devoted her life to ing the divorce laws, who has saved up of thousands of cases in her files, and whose have been the chief source of ammunition in ght, has not saved in vain.

nd now, with this certainty that reform will —if not from the Divorce Bill then from subsequent Bill—people are saying that at last, is release for tens of thousands who known human misery almost unbelievable e happily married.

ut is that true? There is another factor. e is the question of cost of divorce. And we can turn to a story.

t concerns the late Mr. Justice Maule. He a hawker before him, charged with bigamy, hich the man pleaded guilty.

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is excuse was that his wife had run away another man, and he badly needed a woman's in the bringing up of his children.

With a ghost of a smile playing round his the judge told the hawker reprimandingly he had made no effort to avail himself of course the law permitted him—divorce.

"You should have instituted a suit in the rts for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*," he told prisoner. "That would have cost you £200 300.

"When you had obtained a divorce *a mensa thoro* you had only to obtain an Act of Parlia- t for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*.

"That Bill might possibly have been opposed ll its stages in both Houses, and altogether e proceedings would cost you about £1,000."

And then the judge warned the prisoner that ad got no right whatever to complain. Wasn't law prepared to permit divorce to the poorest ject in the land, *charging him not a penny e than was asked from the wealthiest*?

And he then imposed a sentence which meant instant discharge of the bewildered, awe- cken cause of this gem of judicial wisdom.

Now in the view of no less a person than Lord Chief Justice of England, that classic edited a long-wanted change in the law.

To-day, for instance, we have the Poor son's Procedure, whereby the man or woman, miserably poor that they look on £5 as a ce's ransom, can get release from a hopeless riage for round about that sum.

But is it enough?

To judge from the little that has been said ut the cost of divorce in all the millions of ds that have been written and spoken about Divorce Bill, and to hear people say, "Here, ast, is release from the worst known form of man misery for tens of thousands of people," ight be thought so.

But think again of these people married to derers, madmen, the vicious, the cruel, the away.

Only for those earning less than £2 a week, who don't possess property worth more than , is a £5 divorce possible, according to the test letter of the rules.

To be candid, that income can go up to £4

Mr. A. P. Herbert offers release for thousands of unhappily married—if they can afford such a luxury

a week in special cases, the total value of property to £100. But not everybody earning less than £4 a week and owning less than £100 worth of property is a special case.

Listen to Mr. Claude Mullins, the London magistrate with wide experience of matrimonial cases.

"At least three-quarters of our adult population cannot afford to pay solicitors to *investigate* their matrimonial difficulties," he says.

They can't afford to find out how they stand. How, then, can they afford to obtain release?

Here is something that should appeal alike to people who seek divorce reform and those who would have no divorce at all. Little can be said for any man who argues: "I don't like divorce, and even if the rich are allowed to buy it I suggest that it is debarred to the poor."

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The facts are plain. We checked them up with some leading firms of solicitors.

The most simple form of divorce costs from £60 to £70.

Asked to define *simple*, a lawyer said: "Where a husband gives his wife the documents relating to a house he has taken for and is sharing with another woman, or where a woman admits she is having a baby by another man."

But even such evidence as that may not be a safeguard against complications.

Some little legal hitch, the necessity for bringing a witness from abroad, and another £50 goes on the cost of that supremely simple divorce.

Where does it go? Is it a nest-egg for the lawyers? To say that would be unfair.

Of a £60 bill of costs, the State might take about £12—don't forget the Law Courts made a profit of £138,619 last year—and much of the remainder would go on witnesses' expenses, telephone calls, postages and so on.

Counsel usually appears in such cases for what is known as "three and one"—a charge of £4 against whoever pays for the case. It is less often "five and one" in such cases.

Probably £25 remains in the solicitor's hands, but when he has finished paying money away from that amount he is probably not much better paid than counsel.

You should see a typical divorce bill of costs before you blame the lawyers unduly. We have one before us.

The costs fall under 181 items.

There are stamps to be paid for galore. And sealing fees. And engrossing fees. For citations, petitions, certificates of service, filings, Somerset House searches, and the dickens knows what else besides.

No wonder the law shows such profits year after year!

It would be wearying for us to give 181 such items as "Summons for time to deliver particulars and copy for Court" and "*Subpœna duces tecum* and parchment and *præcipe* and attending getting same sealed."

Sufficient to say that not one person in a hundred could pay it all without difficulty, and not one in a thousand knows what half of it is about.

Yet there *is* a way in which all this can be summarised, and this is it:—

A man earning £2 18s. a week who took proceedings for divorce recently—it was what the lawyers would call "a simple case"—had to pay a bill of £235.

A woman seeking divorce confided in the judge—Mr. Justice Swift—that she had had to mortgage her house for £150 to get the necessary money.

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A woman who got her release from a ne'er-do-well husband will have to devote one-third of her salary as a waitress in a basement for six years to pay the bill of £185, in part payment of which, already, all her meagre life savings have gone.

A £6-a-week man bought his release at a cost of £525.

All these comparatively *simple* cases—at any rate, the parties are not like the parties to a recent divorce that occupied 19 days of the time of the Court and cost £12,000, or another that took seven days and cost £10,000.

No, the Divorce Bill, or any other Bill offering new grounds for divorce, can only be a partial solution.

Such measures are never going to be of any use to clerks, waitresses, bricklayers, shopkeepers, that vast majority that gets a little too much to get £5 release but far too little to be able to buy divorce at the full rate.

Judges are under no illusion. They know that the high cost of divorce is one reason why the crime of bigamy is so much on the increase.

In many more cases separation has become the poor man's divorce, and where separation is an alternative to divorce it is usually attended with far more immorality and suffering for the children concerned.

Real relief for the bulk of victims of hopeless marriages will only come when the whole procedure is so simplified that no two people need continue to live together in a hell from which they want to escape because they can't afford the money.

It is good news that the Bishop of St. Albans sees the force of this: proposes, in connection with the Divorce Bill, that such cases might be heard first in an ordinary court of summary jurisdiction, and that the High Court might later give its assent.

Another suggestion is that more evidence might be submitted in the form of statements. Often, people with only one comparatively unimportant fact to attest have to be brought down from, say, the north of England to be kept hanging round the Divorce Courts for days.

Not, mark you, because the case occupies days. It might last only a minute. That comes from the glorious uncertainty which often exists as to when a case will come into court.

The fact that divorce costs can fall in the simplest cases under 181 heads will show any intelligent man that vast economies can be made.

If they are not . . . well, divorce will continue to be—to use the words of another ironical judge—"open to all, like the Ritz Hotel."

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

Audacious Turf Betting Racket

NEXT week the Goodwood festival marks the half-way stage of the flat-racing season. It is the time when backers begin to count any losses they have had since the spring and to devise methods of recovering them.

It is also the time when the fee-snatching and "fortune-making" tipsters become busiest. This month few people whose names are in public directories have not received unsolicited offers of assistance on the road to wealth from these gentry.

* * *

In the last few days a great number of enquiries have reached JOHN BULL regarding an individual who announces himself in the name of Haley R. Morton and who, from an office at 140, Strand, London, W.C., has flooded the country with uninvited proposals for a supposed easy-money investment plan.

There is no doubt that Morton himself has recently made a big income from his appeals to the credulous. The literature he has been sending out is so impressive and formidable that it is not surprising that the contributors to his scheme have been comparatively easy to find.

Morton has undertaken to provide every subscriber of £1, paid by instalments, with what he calls his "personal and binding guarantee" to supply at least fifty remunerative winners or, in default, to pay each subscriber a sum of £50 in cash. He has issued what are described as guarantee bonds—with red seals attached—to this effect.

* * *

People who have been induced to send money to Morton are now receiving from him demands for further payments and are being threatened that, if the money is not forthcoming, it will be collected by other methods. He seems content, however, to receive any sum, no matter how small, from those who have been so foolish as to place their trust in him.

Those who have done so have had an extraordinary experience. They have received from Morton tremendous lists of the names of horses, all of which they have been advised to back. To invest on them all, a backer would need the resources of the Bank of England before any profit could be shown.

A baby in arms would be able to select by this method the fifty winners which Morton guarantees to produce.

Subscribers to his scheme have so far been given more than 600 horses to back, a huge majority of them hopeless losers.

Morton's attempt to extract still more money from those who have been fooled by him is the limit of impudence.

Another organisation against which the betting public should be on its guard at present is one calling itself the Retail Shops Supply Association, with headquarters at Eastwood, Essex. This concern is also nothing more than a ludicrous tipster agency which seems to suppose that those who pay money to it must be mentally deficient.

The proprietor of the so-called Retail Shops Supply Association is someone named M. S. Ward and he actually informs his dupes that his money-making scheme on the Turf is deposited at the British Museum.

* * *

Ward gives a serious warning that anyone who makes known his system of creating a fortune will be prosecuted. It is so preposterous that JOHN BULL takes the risk.

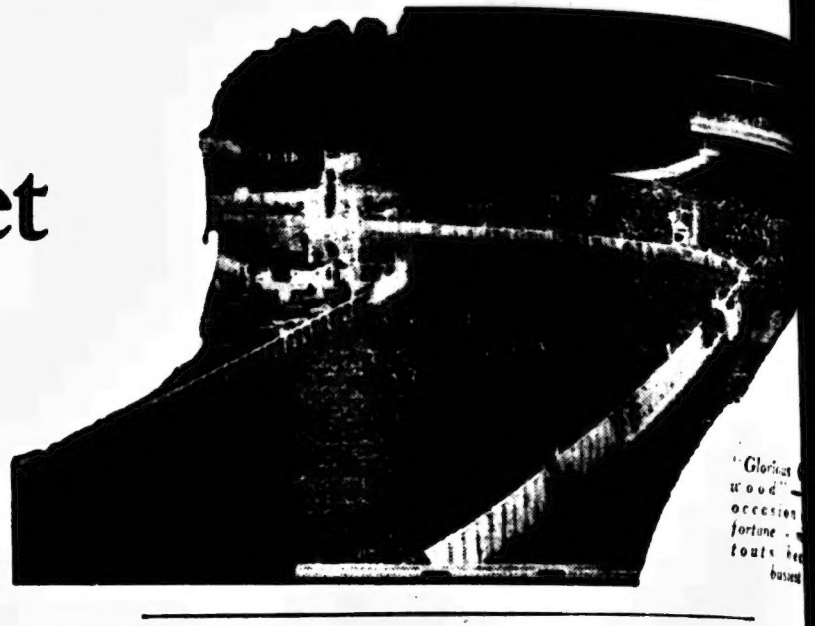
For instance, the backer, on Mondays, has to invest on every horse ridden by the jockey of the second winner.

Then, on Tuesdays, the jockey who wins the third race of the day has to be followed.

So it is with the rest of the week-days, except that on Thursdays, it is the successful jockey in the fifth race on Wednesday who has to be supported.

Ward asserts that this fantastic policy is a much safer method of money-making than the Stock Exchange.

But his brazenness does not end there. He even invites those who have been stupid enough to buy this advice from him to send him their capital so that he may invest it for them on a commission basis.



SEIZED HOMES: *Alarming Facts*

THE Minister of Health has just appointed a committee to investigate the position of working-class house tenants with a view to the amendment of the Rents Acts which expire towards the end of this year.

There is urgent necessity that this committee should carry its enquiry much further than the need for the better regulation of rents. It should also be given the task of reporting on the need for reform of the present legal powers of landlords.

These powers are so immense that a landlord can seize and sell his tenant's goods without any order of the court if the smallest portion of rent is owing.

In this respect property owners have a position unique in law. All other creditors have to seek the judgment of the courts on whatever claims they may make and to have the authority of a judge before execution can be levied.

This power of the landlords is derived from the old common law which has no relation to present-day conditions. Cases abound of the breadwinner of a family becoming temporarily unemployed and having the contents of his home seized without warning for a small arrear rent.

The harshness with which this power is commonly exercised cannot be better illustrated than by the experience a few days ago of Mr. Sydney Campbell, a former grocer's manager, of Cap[illegible], London, S.W.

While he was in employment, Mr. Campbell paid his rent promptly and regularly. But a few weeks ago he was unable to do so because the doctor ordered that he should give up his work and seek an outdoor occupation.

While he was searching for one Mr. Campbell and his wife and family had to exist on [illegible] a week unemployment benefit, of which 22s. had to be paid for rent. It was impossible for the family to live on the balance of 9s. 6d., and Mr. Campbell fell behind with his rent payments until £5 2s. 6d. was owing — *[illegible] rent due in advance.*

Lord Ridley, chairman of rents enquiry committee

He expected that, if [illegible] action was taken against him, the landlord would [illegible] to the court like any ordinary creditor and seek judgment, in which case he could apply to be allowed to pay off the arrears by instalments.

Mr. Campbell was quickly disillusioned. Making the utmost use of his powers, the landlord put in the bailiffs to take possession.

The man and his wife were away from home for a few hours one afternoon enquiring about a job. When they returned they found that the bailiffs, in accordance with their powers, had entered the house in their absence and removed most of its principal contents.

Now Mr. Campbell has been informed that, if he wishes to recover his furniture before it is sold, he will have to pay £9, including the costs of the distraint. So his indebtedness has been increased suddenly by 80 per cent.

It is intolerable that landlords, under prevailing conditions, should still be able to employ those ancient powers.

If it was made compulsory on them to go first to the court, no judge would ever order any house tenant to suffer the treatment which Mr. Campbell and countless other people have had to endure.

Sick Youth Branded

AN unfortunate mistake appears to have been made a few days ago at Middlesex Sessions. The Bench of justices ordered an eighteen-year-old youth named Patrick Geraghty to be detained for three years in a Borstal institution on charges of housebreaking.

The Borstal system is intended to be used solely for the care and reform of young people with definite criminal tendencies. Patrick Geraghty cannot possibly be classified in that category.

* * *

He is a medical case—a victim of the social and industrial conditions which condemn to unemployment so many young men who should be on the threshold of a career.

This lad, whose home was with his parents at South Eastern Avenue, Edmonton, had succeeded in getting occasional work as a french polisher. But his employment was irregular and he had long spells of idleness, during which he received no financial help of any kind from the authorities.

The boy has always been of most independent spirit. During the periods he was out of work he became intensely depressed because his parents, who have little means, had to maintain him. Often he refused to share their food and for days went hungry.

And for days at a time young Geraghty disappeared from home and the only explanation of his absences obtained by his parents was that he was roaming the countryside in quest of a job.

While away from home on these occasions it is now known that he slept in the fields. He returned to his parents only when he was in a state of semi-starvation and complete exhaustion.

Once he was taken back to his home by a man who had found him in the street about to commit suicide by drinking from a bottle of poison.

For ten days the youth's condition improved. During that time he had obtained temporary work. But on the tenth day he came home dejected, said he had lost the job and went out.

His parents neither heard from nor about him for many days. Then one morning they read in a newspaper that their son had been arrested on charges of housebreaking.

It has since been learned that the lad was driven to these acts by extreme hunger and that, when he committed them, he could have had little knowledge of what he was doing because he was in a condition of nervous fatigue.

At the police court a doctor described how the youth, in fits of depression, walked out and lost himself for days on end. It was suggested that what he needed was medical care.

Because of the nature of the charge against him, however, the magistrates could not dispose of the case and had to commit him to the Sessions.

He lay in Wormwood Scrubs for seven weeks before he was brought up in that court.

His mother went to the Sessions both to appeal for him and to make an offer of restitution for his thefts. She was not allowed to enter the court-room.

When the lad heard himself convicted as a criminal and ordered to three years' Borstal detention he collapsed in a heap.

* * *

Members of Parliament, JOHN BULL understands, have been investigating the circumstances of the unnecessary sentence and stigma imposed on the youth and intend to approach the Home Secretary with a suggestion that he should recommend his release for a better form of treatment.

We join in their appeal to Sir Samuel Hoare.

Maimed Miner's TRAGEDY

OM an invalid couch at a window overlooking the High Street of the town of Gateshead, a man looks at the passing scene. He lies day in and day out, all the year

e poor fellow—Mr. James Dickin- should, by medical orders, be in pen air most of the day.
t he is fettered to that couch—by

ape.
nferences have been in Whitehall about the of James Dickinson. has been referred to ne: Ministers.
eir verdict is, in effect, he must continue to on the couch by the low.

is is the story of the ial meanness which s Dickinson a prisoner. ve years ago his spine fractured by a fall of e at the colliery where as a miner. His life despaired of. But after months in hospital, his body encased in ter he was discharged, lysed from the waist nward. He will never able to walk or work in.

hile Dickinson was in ital all that long time, wife and five children ived no assistance from authorities whatsoever. y had to exist on the and's savings, which soon vanished. e seven of them now have about 12s. a week available for food, cloth- and so on.

* * *

ckinson cannot move unaided, and to be carried everywhere. e doctors ordered that, if his life to be prolonged, it was necessary should be taken out daily, into the ntry if possible.
here was only one way by which

Mr. James Dickinson in the motor chair which he cannot use because of official miserliness

that could be done. It was to provide him with a conveyance of some kind. But Dickinson's disability is so great that he is incapable of the exertion of propelling a hand-chair.

During the war he served with distinction in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and was awarded the Military Medal for an act of conspicuous bravery. His former war comrades learned of his plight and they decided to do what they could to assist him.

The British Legion and other holders of the Military Medal on Tyneside subscribed to a fund to provide Dickinson with a handsome petrol-driven motor-chair so that he could get about.

The chair lies in his home unused.

The reason is he cannot afford to buy petrol.

Again and again the public assistance authorities have been asked to provide the very small quantity of petrol that would be required to allow the broken man to leave his couch. Always they have refused, although there is no lack of sympathy for Dickinson on the part of the local officials. The regulations, Whitehall says, do not permit such an extravagance.

An application was sent to the Ministry of Health in London and turned down there.

There seemed to be one way of escape from his invalid couch open to Dickinson. It was to enter into an arrangement with a local firm to affix one of its advertisement posters to the rear of his motor-chair, the firm to supply him with petrol in exchange for the service.

Even that way out was closed to him. When he informed the authorities of his intention, he was told that the value of any petrol supplied to him in this manner would have to be regarded to income, and the amount would be deducted from his allowance!

That would have meant considerably less than 22s. a week to feed and clothe himself, his wife and five children.

* * *

So, rather than that they should go short, the motor-chair was put aside, and Dickinson has to be content to look on at the world from the couch at the window.

Sir Hugh Turnbull, Commissioner of City of London Police

MYSTERY TRUST to Shun

GOOD reason would appear to exist why the authorities should investigate the activities of a new organisation which calls itself the Small Investors' Trust and which is operating from an address in Wood Street, in the City of London.

It is the most mysterious financial organisation which has come into existence for many years.

Brochures have been broadcast by the Small Investors' Trust indiscriminately seeking investments of from £10 to £500 in multiples of £5.

* * *

Subscribers are promised the magnificent dividend of £1 per week on every £20 they send to the Trust—an astounding profit of 260 per cent. per annum calculated only at simple interest rates.

"Sometimes we have made or saved a few pounds or won in a competition," screams the literature of the Small Investors' Trust.

"Some launch out in business they do not understand. Some buy themselves or their families a few luxuries and have a good time for a few days with the balance, ending up with regrets and very little, if anything, to show."

The Small Investors' Trust, in the most amazing publicity material ever issued by any financial concern, then points out that the spending of money in this manner only helps to buy diamonds and motor cars for other people.

If you want to own diamonds and motor cars, you must send whatever capital you possess, however small, to the Trust to be used by it at its *absolute discretion*.

* * *

It is guaranteed that every Monday morning henceforth you will then receive a substantial cheque with which to pay your rent, go on holiday with your family or always have in your pocket a few pounds without ever touching your salary or wages.

Promises so specious and impossible can never before have emanated from the City of London.

The pretensions of the Small Investors' Trust merit the closest official attention if only for the reason that it has not even been registered.

Its headquarters, we find, are only a tiny room over a small tobacconist's and confectioner's shop, and even the telephone number of the Trust belongs to the shopkeeper from whom the room has been rented.

The general manager of the Trust is named Horace S. Woodward.

For days a JOHN BULL representative has endeavoured to trace this individual so that he may be questioned regarding the objects of the Trust and the purposes for which the money of investors is used.

But it seems impossible for any visitor to the Trust's humble premises to make contact with Woodward. Always it is announced that he is absent and that nothing is known about his whereabouts!

Grim Sequels *to* Hospital Deaths

O aspect of the administration of hospitals and other public institutions is more deplorable than frequency with which muddle and fusion arise to cause pain to the eaved families of persons who die in se places.

one hospital seems to need singling for special attention in this respect s the important institution of Old- rch, Romford, controlled by the ex County Council.

ohn Warren, aged twenty-one, was ently a patient in that hospital, under tment for an abscess on the brain. wo weeks after his admission his ents, who live at Havering, were in- med that his general condition eared to be much improved.

e had been visited by them on the that information was given and they nd him comfortable. But that night, y learned later, their son had been erated on without any official intima- n having been given to them.

* * *

week later, after paying one of her y visits to the hospital, Mrs. Warren ived a telegram announcing that her , whom she had left only two hours viously, was dangerously ill. She re- ed at once with her husband to mford, and was told that, although re was no danger of death, oxygen s being administered.

he parents were sent to a waiting- m, where they remained until after night. Then they were summoned to his bedside and a few minutes later John passed away.

In the next few days Mr. and Mrs. Warren had more harrowing experiences while seeking a death certificate for their son's burial.

* * *

From the hospital they were sent, in turn, to the police, to the coroner's officer and to undertakers before the document was obtained. Although their son's death was due to wholly natural causes, they were even interrogated by the police as to the possibility of his having received blows on the head.

On the day of the funeral, although the death certificate had already been procured after much trouble, the family received a communication from the hospital stating that it was most important that one of them should call immediately to be supplied with the document.

The organisation which caused this series of unhappy incidents would at least have stopped there, it might be thought.

Not so. On the day after John Warren was buried the family received a telegram from the hospital authorities asking to be notified what arrangements were being made for the funeral!

Another death at Oldchurch Hospital and the manner in which the bereaved family was treated also seems to need the attention of the Essex County Council.

It was that of Miss Gwen Rees, a young probationer nurse at the institution, who was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Rees, of Tregare, near Monmouth.

Miss Rees was an influenza victim. Her parents were notified of her illness, but the only message they received in time was one to the effect that she was comfortable.

It is now known that for at least two days the young woman had been critically ill. But no communication was received by her parents until one morning, about 1.30, a police officer called at their home and reported receipt of a telephone message stating that there was "no change in the condition of Nurse Rees."

Naturally, the parents supposed that this was a message of good omen, confirming the earlier statement that their daughter was comfortable.

* * *

But three hours later Nurse Rees died without any opportunity having been given to her parents to be near her in the fatal stage of her illness.

When a protest was made to the authorities they declared that two telegrams had been sent to the parents notifying them of their daughter's serious condition.

These telegrams were not received.

Enquiry regarding them has been made at the Central Telegraph Department of the General Post Office.

The Controller of the Department states that, although careful search has been made, no trace of the telegrams can be found!

NOT MAGIC! BUT YEARS OF PRACTICE

How is it done? . it's simply a clever blend of choice vintage tobaccos.

How many tobaccos in the blend? We'll tell you that, too! Just eleven.

How much of each tobacco do we use? Well, that's one thing we cannot divulge, because the correct proportion of each tobacco is the secret of the balanced blend.

How much of the leaf is used? Just the most tender part—no stalk, and of course, no grit, no dust. Thus merit gives us ever-increasing sales.

SENIOR SERVICE

★ *We give you, too, the best in Cigarette Cards. REAL PHOTOGRAPHS of interesting subjects, each complete with its own authentic story.*

10 for 6d. *Cigarettes* 20 for 1/-

A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

Plight of "Forgotten Wives"

EAR MR. JUSTICE SWIFT,—The urgent need for legal reform which will assure a fair measure of justice for the "forgotten wife" must have received a welcome stimulus from your rvations on a case in which a and, by his will, deprived his wife erything.

r a long time I have demanded, and orted that growing movement for a ion of the cruel law of this country n permits men who have money to wills leaving it to other people and hardship on their wives and ilies.

u have rightly emphasised that, as law stands to-day, a man, however and wicked he may be, may deprive wife and children of everything h they have a right to expect and e the whole of his substance to a ress or maid.

* * *

idence of this was provided not long A perfect wife, a woman who had ed her ailing husband—a Govern- official—for ten years was left out a penny.

e had given up all her friends and ests in her devotion. But when husband died he left all his money unmarried sister who had a well- job.

hy a law which permits such mon- ties to happen is allowed to exist es my understanding.

e man who undertakes to provide his widow only if she does not re- y stands out as a benefactor in parison with these vindictive crea- s who—as voices from the dead—e so much hardship and suffering.

feel disposed to agree with you that who make such wills should not be ed to leave money at all, and that State should benefit from their conscious by confiscating that part their estate covered by these wicked es.

* * *

t not until the law gives a woman interest in her husband's will in her right will these injustices be ed.

at is why I am hopeful that the e Minister will heed the memorial h nearly 300 M.P.s have signed ask- for the Government to provide time the passing into law of the Inherit- e Bill. This would assure that where husband or wife or children are left hout proper provision under a will application can be made to the court a reasonable share of the estate.

am sure you agree that it is a reform overdue and needlessly delayed n it is considered that Parliament, a few hours' session, could assure ice for the "forgotten wife."

JOHN BULL.

HOLMAN GREGORY,
Middle Temple

EAR SIR HOLMAN,—I want to add my ute of admiration and express my e upon your resignation as City London Recorder. Your sympathetic tment of "old lags"; the practical you so often gave them; and your ared pleas that they should be found k and given a real chance to start afresh proved the depth of your manity. You will be remembered as a d friend and a just judge.—JOHN L.

SAMUEL HOARE,
e Secretary,

EAR SIR SAMUEL,—I am delighted you e decided to visit some of the prisons. a long time I have shown that there many things wrong that ought to be right without delay.

and please don't forget the warders. y have grievances as well as the ners.—JOHN BULL.

S. ADA CLAYTON,
rbon-cum-Hardy

EAR MADAM,—You have spent your savings and mortgaged your home ght a law case after your dismissal the managers of the tiny village ool of Chapel-le-Dale.

ally after two years' litigation you learned that the managers objected to employing married woman teachers. True, a settlement has been reached, but is that sufficient compensation for a woman of fifty-seven—who was trying to support a sick husband and who should have had a pension when she was sixty?—JOHN BULL.

He realises that the law allows a vicious cruelty

Sir A. MACNALTY: Agree human machine driven too hard. Often due greedy employers' "tire" purchase.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. WILLIAMS,
M.P. for Don Valley

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for reminding the Commons that all over the country there are surpluses of pit-disaster funds now no longer needed because all the survivors and dependants of the victims have died.

On the other hand, you point out that sixteen women who were widowed twenty-five years ago in the Cadeby Main disaster cannot get anything because their fund has become exhausted. Nor is this the only case.

When sanity prevails such funds will be pooled and money that is not needed in one quarter transferred to where it is badly wanted.—JOHN BULL.

GEO. LANSBURY, M.P.: Glad to hear Rome fell for you. Hope Mussolini will hand Europe "peace" as memento.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice HAWKE,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—I hope that official notice will be taken of your hint for the improvement of identification parades. The present system of lining-up a number of men is all wrong, particularly when the nervous reaction of a roped-in "exhibit" might povide considerable personal embarrassment.

Your suggestion of undetected observation of people walking around the police station yard would be much the better way.—JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM PATRICK KEEGAN,
Frogmore, Herts

BLACKGUARD,—Six months in jail is not a moment too long for the revolting and brutal assault on your six-year-old son.

He struck a wall when you threw him across the room. Then you kicked him in the ribs. You disgrace a good Irish name, and I'd like to give you a succession of Irishman's "rises."—JOHN BULL.

Ald. P. B. OSBORNE,
Margate

SIR,—For the chairman of the Margate Housing Committee some of your remarks surprise me. You have had the job ten years, but you confess that you administer the slum clearance and overcrowding Act "with the greatest of distaste."

I am not denying that some small investors in property suffer hardship under the new Act, but a slum is a slum, and I don't see why people should continue to have to pay tribute to live in hovels which have paid for themselves many times over.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Rev. B. O. F. HEYWOOD,
Bishop of Ely

MY LORD,—I am deeply appreciative of your timely reminder that our 1,300,000 registered unemployed must not be regarded as people who are merely statistics.

It is bad enough to want to work and be unable to find it. It is terrible to feel unwanted and a drag on one's friends and relatives. But it would be a crime indeed to regard the unemployed as a fluctuating set of figures devoid of all human feelings. That must never happen.—JOHN BULL.

EARL OF CRAWFORD: Thanks for protesting that London Green Belt plans must not be "done brown" by railway schemes.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. BARNES,
Bishop of Birmingham

MY LORD,—Once again you turn the cold light of common sense on a vexatious problem by taking the attitude that divorce is an unhappy necessity. Most reasonable men and women agree that, as we get a second chance in most things, the genuine happiness of two lives should not be made a glaring exception.—JOHN BULL.

DOROTHY MARSHALL,
Hull

DEAR DOROTHY,—Not every thirteen-year-old girl has to face such a test of courage as you had. Many men would have come through with less credit. When fire broke out in your tenement home you kept cool and led your two younger brothers out on the roof to safety.

The fire brigade say your prompt action saved all your lives. What a sister to be proud of!—JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR WATKISS, Chelmsford: You have cork leg. Rescue of drowning boy proves heart of oak also.—JOHN BULL.

Vindication of a Woman Teacher
The "Old Lags'" Friend
Here's a Blackguard!

Not from the B.B.C.

Curse and Keep Fit!

ONE precept, as a little boy,
Learned at my mother's knee,
Was never, never to employ
A great big naughty D,
Or other language unrefined—
A rule I've always borne in mind.

So when to man's estate I grew
And things were going wrong,
The sweet relief I never knew
Of language hot and strong,
Which, Dr. Fairfield tells us, serves
To save mankind from damaged nerves.

When I'm by vulgar fellows cursed
I have a bad attack
Of vapours; into tears I burst,
And cannot curse them back,
Finding that though to swear I yearn,
Alas! it's now too late to learn!

Instead of learning at the maternal knee things likely to be of use in after-life, such as never to leave the red ball over the pocket or absentmindedly to play a fifth ace, young Eric is apt to be taught never to say anything stronger than "Boo" to a goose.

When there are so many persons and things that richly deserve to be cussed, "Swear not at all" seems a counsel of perfection. And now we have Dr. Letitia Fairfield telling us that such advice, if acted upon, may well prove injurious to health.

She finds that when both sexes are subjected to the same emotional strain, nervous breakdowns are very much more common with women than with men. This, she suggests, is because men when annoyed can discharge their nervous energy by violent language.

So when an irate drill-sergeant takes to reflecting upon the habits and parentage of recruits of unblemished character and ancestry it should be remembered that he is merely employing a legitimate safety valve.

Denied this nervous relief, the poor fellow might become subject to hysteria. And the average recruit would rather

And coo like sucking doves!

listen to sarintmajaw's language than be called upon to loosen his tunic and ply him with smelling-salts and eau de Cologne.

But if recruiting rumours are to be believed, sergeants nowadays are all for keeping the party clean, and so coo like sucking doves, having followed the lead of Billingsgate, which indignantly repudiates the reputation which once made it a household word wherever the English slanguage was spoken. So no wonder the Government is finding it necessary to spend huge sums on improving the nation's health.

In view of what Dr. Fairfield tells us, Miss Prunella Stack may now consider making swear-drill a feature of her programme to improve feminine fitness—always assuming she is able to find any competent instructors.

Ye girls who swim and girls who hike,
Who play at tennis, ride a bike,
And make a point of wearing
Garb masculine, you won't be brought
To perfect fitness till you're taught
The ancient art of swearing!
But where to learn? For Billingsgate
Cries "Dash it!" now when made irate,
And Colonels ne'er say "blanky";
Bargees "Tut, tut" in voices gruff,
While sergeants first count ten, then stuff
Into their mouths a hanky!

Y. Z.

A MESSAGE TO EVERY MOTORIST

DRIVE AWAY THOSE STOMACH PAINS!

THE driving seat of a motor lorry or trade van is haunted by the spectre of stomach trouble. Can you wonder? Hour after hour, cramped up at the wheel; a hurried meal, then off again before the food can be digested; lack of exercise; insufficient rest—that is why the work of thousands of long-distance motor drivers is **a martyrdom of stomach torment!** That is why the pleasure of a sports car or motor bike is so often turned to pain by the constant nagging of an ill-treated digestion.

A MOTOR DRIVER'S REMEDY

If the cruel stab of indigestion tortures *you* whilst driving—if wind distends your stomach, if acidity burns, or you feel bilious after meals—read on. Let Mr. Lockley, of Wolverhampton, tell you how he overcame pain and kept fit for his job. Mr. Lockley drives a lorry. **He has had bitter experience of the pain you feel so often at the wheel.** But he is better now. **He has found the way to soothing relief.** Read the extracts from his letters in the next column. Take his tip and drive in comfort!

HOW Mr. LOCKLEY STOPPED HIS PAIN

"My age is 42 years, and I have been a long-distance lorry driver for years. Four good jobs I have lost owing to gastric trouble; twice my doctor has had me X-rayed for ulcers. **One famous doctor told me I must never drive another heavy lorry** and he would not be answerable if I did not obey his advice.

"Meat, cakes, pastry, etc., and fruits used to half-kill me. The pains used to start, and then dry sickness. **Job after job I have lost through being taken ill** at different towns and being brought back. My food never had a chance to digest properly.

"At last I gave Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial—**Now I am fit and well and eat anything.** I buy a 2/- bottle and before every trip I mix about six doses in a big bottle. After every meal down goes my pain-saver, no stopping to mix each dose. If my fellow knights of the road will take this tip they will have nothing to fear.

"I should not be doing justice to sufferers like myself had I not written to tell you that truly I have been made a new man."

Mr. H. LOCKLEY
(Wolverhampton).

WHY MACLEAN Brand STOMACH POWDER WILL RELIEVE YOU!

The genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder has the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle and carton. It is never sold loose. All chemists sell it at 1/3, 2/- or 5/- in Powder or Tablet form.

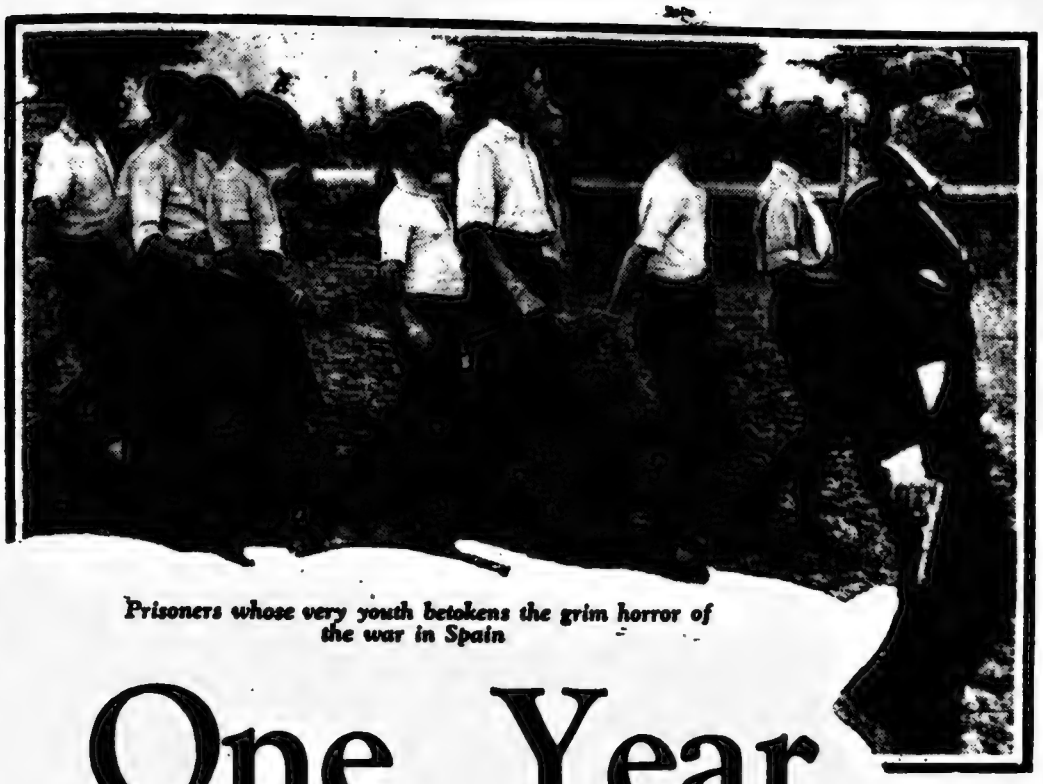
Would you buy a spare part for your motor off a street barrow at a cut price? Then how can you expect any cheap, untried stomach remedy to do you good? You must have the remedy made *specially* to deal with your personal stomach trouble. **Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the scientific remedy** that puts a protective coating over the delicate parts of the stomach; neutralises the painful acid which eats into the stomach walls; gently frees the stomach from impurities; and thoroughly cleanses the intestines. **For your convenience you can buy Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in tablet form.** Swallow one or two tablets after meals and your stomach pains will vanish.

THIS SIGNATURE MEANS SAFETY—

Alex. C. Maclean

You depend upon road signs and signals for your safety when driving. Well—here is the sign of genuine MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and Tablets, *and* the sign of quick, lasting relief from your stomach troubles! Just keep your eyes open every time for the signature ALEX. C. MACLEAN on the bottle.

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.



Prisoners whose very youth betokens the grim horror of the war in Spain

One Year of HORROR

By A. G. Gardiner

IT is a year this week since General Franco crossed from Morocco and launched his offensive against the Spanish Government. It was to be a short war and a decisive war. He had with him the Army, the bulk of the Navy, the Moorish legions from Africa, and the resources in men and material that Mussolini and Hitler, who were his backers in the adventure, cheerfully provided him.

To all appearances he had an easy task. It is true that Caballero, who was then the Prime Minister of Spain, had help from Russia.

But Russia is a long way off and the help was limited to a supply of aeroplanes.

For the rest all the external assistance he had came in the shape of unorganised volunteers from neighbouring countries, who could not be expected to put up a serious fight against the trained armies, Spanish, Moorish and Italian, that were at Franco's command.

In the vulgar phrase it looked like "all Lombard Street to a China orange" in Franco's favour.

But events have turned out otherwise.

Franco has not had a "walk-over." After twelve months of horrors—horrors on both sides, but horrors for which Franco, as the author of the war, is mainly responsible—the issue is still in doubt.

Two outstanding successes have fallen to the rebels. They are the capture of Malaga and the capture of Bilbao. But the nine months' siege of the capital is still a failure.

Madrid, though in ruins, holds out, Valencia is intact, Catalonia is intact, and the Government is undefeated. Roughly two-thirds of Spain is in the hands of the rebels, but one-third, and that the most important, is solid for the Government.

That is the position of stalemate to-day. What will be the position a year hence?

That depends less on what is going on inside Spain than on what takes place outside. And it is not only the fate of Franco's rebellion, but the fate of Europe that is involved in the external struggle.

Two motives are in conflict. From the outset of the civil war Britain and France have adopted the policy of "Hands off Spain." They have done this for two reasons.

First, a civil war is a domestic quarrel in which outsiders have no right of interference. Second, open intervention in the war on one side or the other would inevitably, in the combustible state of Europe to-day, have spread the flames beyond control throughout the Continent.

With Italy and Germany at war with France on the fields of Spain and with our own vital interests at Gibraltar and in the Mediterranean in the balance, we should have been sucked into the vortex and general war would have been unavoidable.

The only way to escape the catastrophe was to get the agreement of all the Powers to isolate the Spanish volcano and envelop it with a "sanitary cordon" of neutrality and non-intervention.

That has been our policy. It is our policy to-day. And, whatever its failures, it has had one triumph. *The world is still at peace.*

We have kept another European war, on the brink of which we are trembling, at bay for a year. And for us, a most critical year.

For in that year we have gone far to catch up with that programme of rearmament which, much as we lament its necessity, may yet avert the crash that has threatened ever since Mussolini took the bit in his teeth in Abyssinia.

If the success of our policy has not been complete, it is because of the other motive with which it has been in conflict. Mussolini and Hitler have not dared to fight the non-intervention motive openly.

They have paid it lip-service when things were going badly with Franco, and done their best to hamstring it when things were going well.

Did Madrid look like falling? Then that was the moment for the dictators jointly to recognise Franco as the *de facto* ruler of Spain.

Did Madrid hold out and were the Italian troops routed at Guadalajara? Then Hitler, never—thanks to his G.H.Q., who had no heart in the Spanish business—so deep in the adventure as Mussolini, backpedalled and almost smiled on non-intervention.

Did Bilbao fall, Stalin shock Europe with his military massacres and Blum's Government in France come to grief—then Hitler was hot-foot after Mussolini again and together they smashed the patrol system which was the core of non-intervention.

They would neither patrol the Spanish waters themselves nor allow Britain and France to take their share of the work.

That is the game they have played with non-intervention throughout. Never frankly against it. Never honestly for it. Always seeking to wreck it and make it unworkable, but always avoiding an open rupture.

And always, as we know, betraying the spirit of the pact and keeping Franco supplied with "volunteers," mechanics and aeroplanes.

Has, then, the Franco-British policy failed? Has non-intervention gone the way of "collective security" in the case of Abyssinia? Some people think so.

I don't share that view. Non-intervention has, I repeat, kept the world at peace. It has kept the Spanish civil war from lighting a European bonfire.

Arms and men have no doubt got into Spain from Italy and Germany, but the flow has been hampered. And there is all the difference between things done on the sly that can be disavowed and things done officially and defiantly that would have to be answered officially and defiantly.

And, above all, time has been gained. And time is on our side. We are in an infinitely stronger position to-day in Europe than we were a year ago. Every month is increasing our prestige.

Nowhere is this more acutely felt than among the smaller nations, which are behind our policy without exception, and which are looking with increasing confidence to the growing prestige of England as the one security against catastrophe.

The possibility of war cannot be ruled out. The danger comes less from Germany, where the military experts are not ready for the gamble, than from Mussolini.

His situation is becoming desperate. He has the white elephant of black Ethiopia on his hands on the one side and he is so deep in the Spanish morass on the other that any gamble, however desperate, may seem to offer the only way of escape.

He knows that the tide is turning and that the supreme factor of time is against him. But even he, it may be assumed, will not venture on an open rupture without the assurance that Hitler will be behind him. And that assurance will be slow in coming.

For these reasons, let us stick to the policy of non-intervention, in spite of the holes which may be made in it.

Its wisdom has been proved by the events of the past year, and if pursued it will yet avert what we all desire to avert. I do not know any other policy that can.

Recipe for Happiness

MRS. I. S. FLETCHER, of Miltoncombe, near Yelverton, Devon, wonders about all this talk of "the modern woman."

Where can you find them, she wonders, on the vast, village-dotted stretches that really are Britain?

"Let me speak of the women who live in our village," she begins staunchly.

* * *

"We know nothing of bridge parties, of central heating, of food bought ready cooked. Cocktails? I, personally, have never tasted one. Cigarettes? We can't afford them, anyhow.

"We have no dustmen calling—refuse has to be carried out into the garden and burned. No bathrooms.

"There are no labour-saving gadgets because we have no electricity. Every drop of water has to be heated on the fire, every bit of food cooked on the kitchen range.

* * *

"We know nothing about film stars. We just get on with our jobs, jobs that don't differ a jot from the jobs that fell to the lot of women in Miltoncombe in July, 1837.

"Mine, for instance.

"I live in a six-room house. Every morning I rise at 6.30 to light the primus, fill and trim the lamps, fetch the water from down the garden, give the children their breakfast, and pack their lunches because they have to go a long way, by bus, to school.

"Mother doesn't take things easy because the children are out of the way. Right up to the time they return it is scrubbing, cooking, washing, with a husband not ashamed to give a hand.

"I have an income of £1 8s. a week. I pay 10s. rent, and the rest keeps my husband and myself and our two daughters of eleven and six. But I'm not grumbling.

"I am happy; very happy. I'll tell you why.

"I didn't tell you that when I go into the children's room to awake them they are already awake. I love to surprise them playing happily.

"Nor did I say that the work that keeps me occupied is done to the sweetest choir in the world — blackbirds and thrushes conducted by the Sun himself.

"Nor that the necessary work of knitting and needlework—I make everything my girlies wear—can be carried out sitting on a delightful wall. While I do this work I can also get my read of the day.

"Even cleaning windows—that's not so bad when you see, on the other side of the glass a lawn dotted with flowers; beyond, cherry trees and apple trees; then gay banks of hawthorn; and, at this present moment, a farm labourer driving his cows down the hill to be milked, a dandelion in his cap, and whistling

Just a Human Story

"That hedge is full of wild life, and I love to see the lizards dart. The banks are always carpeted with wild flowers in these months. There is always something different.

"Bedtime for the children comes at 7.30 with work still to be done—for ourselves at 9. It is a very full day. You soon learn that you can be happiest when your day is so full."

* * *

We showed that story, as far as it has gone, to a very modern city miss.

"It sounds wonderful," she sighed, "but so impossible, if you have lived the fuller town life."

Well, let Mrs. Fletcher, of that tiny Devon village, continue her story.

"*For eighteen years I travelled all over the kingdom with theatrical companies,*" she writes.

"I manage to find time to go out with the children, and bring back armfuls of flowers to send to our not-so-fortunate city friends who have to pay to see colour, even if it is the colour of frocks and make-up in stuffy dance halls.

"And although I don't go often to church, where my husband takes the Sunday-school and reads the lessons, I feel very near to God in the country lane, and pray to Him, knowing that He understands what is in our hearts."

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EASIEST CLUB AGENCY in the Country! Only six members, and no goods over 6/-. Organisers soon have big number of clubs. Quality goods give every satisfaction in Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Furnishings, at 3/- and 6/-. Commission every six weeks. Send p.c. now for latest catalogue and all particulars.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 3), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

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VACANCIES OCCUR for 20 men aged 18-22 in the Post Office Res. Dept. Experience is not required, but applicants must be willing to study technical subjects. Commencing pay, £3 12s., rising to £4 per week and upwards, with pension. For full particulars apply, R.T.I. (Dept. 537), 10, Bradford Place, W.1.

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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

AERATED BREAD CO. LTD., require Waitresses (full-time); also Kitchen Hands (Women), City and West End; food provided.—Apply, 9.30-5 p.m. (Sats. excepted) at 17, Camden Rd., N.W.1, & 19, The Broadway, Stratford; also at 8b, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1 (Piccadilly end), weekdays 9.30-5 (Sats. 9.30-12.30).

CLERKS (BOTH SEXES) URGENTLY REQUIRED for War Office, Admiralty, Customs and Excise, Ministry of Health, Inland Revenue, Ministry of Labour and other Civil Service Depts. No experience. Permanent pensionable posts on good progressive salaries. Last Exam., 2,000 vacancies.—For full particulars of this unique opportunity apply, R.T.I. (Dept. 531), 264, Oxford Street, London, W.1

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BUILDERS, CARPENTERS AND JOINERS to read THE ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER, which contains weekly articles by experts on every building subject. Readers' own problems solved in the Queries and answers columns. Contains house and bungalow plans each week. A specimen copy will be sent to you on receipt of 1½d. stamp and your name and address, by J. B. Hatfield, Pioneer House, Wicklow Street, London, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled, semi-skilled and Unskilled Men.—Apply for age limits and full particulars to:—Inspector of Recruiting (Dept. J.), R.A.F., Victory House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

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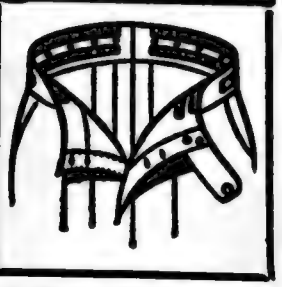

News! Agrippas—the self-supporting trousers with the ventilated tops—now available in 1937's fashionable range of colours. AT NO EXTRA COST. With no reduction in quality. Everywhere the price of Worsted Flannel is being increased, yet Agrippas are still available at **21/-**

In Silver-Grey, Blue-Grey, Grey, Brown, and Fawn.

Also in two shades of Cream at 25/-

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HEAD OFFICE: WALSALL.
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★ *DEMAND AGRIPPAS REFUSE SUBSTITUTES* ★

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A special opportunity is offered to young men over 16 years of age and who have received not less than 3½ years apprentice training as Fitters, Boilermakers, or Coppersmiths to complete their training as Artificers in the Navy.

On entry, selected candidates will serve for two years in a Mechanical Training Establishment and subsequently complete their training at sea as Artificers, 5th Class.

Young men who are interested and wish to take advantage of this Scheme should apply for full particulars as early as possible to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 36, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1937 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits, (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to R.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, Headings, 100 1/6, 250 2/6 Handbills, Programmes, Timesheets, Tickets, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, is why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise a bargain line in John Bull's famous Shop Window and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a Mac; many a local business into a national one, why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply for business leaflet/head for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 22, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 62, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS AT REDUCED BARGAIN PRICES. PATTERNS POST FREE.—ERDCT & HALL, DEPT. J.B., SOUTH SHIELDS.

A SPECIAL Bargain for Working Men! Turn to John Bull's "Shop Window" (page 3) and you will see advertised there a splendid pair of Working Boots made of best English leather, with double soles, etc., for 10s. 9d. The suppliers guarantee every pair, so don't miss this bargain, but send NOW and tell your friends about it.

SAVE MONEY on Floor-covering. Long-wearing Parquetum costs only 13/- for 90 sq. ft. as roll 2 yds. wide. Send for free samples. Parquetum is Waterproof, Rotproof, Sanitary, Stainless and easily cleaned. Lies flat without nailing.—Write NOW for samples.—J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., LONDON, S.E.17.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 12-garment Layette with full-size shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including Sample Necklet. Silk Robe and handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pc. on approval. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 46, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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WRITE, mentioning John Bull, to John Shannon and Son, Ltd., Walsall, for the name of your nearest stockist who keeps "Agrippas" Flannel Trousers. Every man who wants to look his best should make a point of seeing these flannel trousers, the best that money can buy.

1/6 DEPOSIT secures the Ambron reducing corset offered at a bargain price on page 16

POULTRY-KEEPING.

POULTRY-PROFIT. — Make your poultry more profitable by getting "The Feathered World Year Book 1937." The complete poultry keeper's guide. Everything you want to know about buying, selling and breeding. Over 300 pages and 80 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain a copy, send 2/6 to "The Feathered World," Dept. J.B.1, 9, Arundel St., Ldn., W.C.2.

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FREE!—48-page book full of information for gardeners (illus.). Hints and advice on better cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Send p.c. to LASCO, LTD. (Dept. 1), Liverpool.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Accss. Trumpets, Guitars. P.c. brings unique 60-pp. cat. free. Easiest Terms. Part Exchanges.—J. R. Raymond Co., 9, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4

DEAF? Then try the new model Amplicaid, sent on 30 days' Free Trial. See advertisement of Messrs. D. and J. Hill, Ltd., on page 3

SUFFERERS from Backache and Kidney trouble can obtain a valuable free booklet from Cystopurin, Dept. J.B.13, Genatosan, Ltd., Loughborough, Leics. See page 31.

CATARRH sufferers: Don't overlook the Allan Cooper offer on page 29. Fill in the free coupon, which will bring you particulars, without cost or obligation, of how you can rid yourself of catarrh and its kindred ailments.

A FREE Booklet explaining the benefits of Ru-Mari, which relieves sufferers from Arthritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Rheumatism, etc., is offered on page 36.

FREE Booklet on Skin Diseases! Here's news! The first soluble sanitisable sulphur treatment for skin diseases is announced on page 31. A free copy of a special booklet with full details of a guarantee will be sent to all readers who fill in the application form in the advertisement.

A FREE Sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 37.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JARS WANTED, 1-oz. to 2-oz., suitable for a cream, in opal, glass or bakelite. To be used for a cheap store line; send samples and prices for 100,000 lots to 44, BLENHEIM ROAD, LONDON, N.19.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply send a postcard to Cranbus, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.15), Norwich, or fill in coupon, p. 35.

FREE.—A wonderful Cream-maker, which makes half-a-pint of cream for only 4d. Also useful kitchen aid in years free for 24 coupons from Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. If you would like to receive it immediately, send 2/6 coupons with 2/6—this 2/6 will be returned when the balance of 22 coupons is received. Cut out the coupon in the announcement on page 23 and keep it for reference.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67/156, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. Euthymol Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 29.

FREE Cash Prizes. £20 in prizes is offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the Limerick on page 29. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who fills in the coupon in the Mason's Beer advt. on page 24 will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Barley and Yeast to make one gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer. Be sure to enclose 6d. for postage, etc.

SALUTE *to the* *Flying 'Fools'*

UP to the present moment the North Atlantic Ocean has been flown eighty-seven times by sixty aeroplanes carrying 185 persons.

The trail blazed in June, 1919, by two r pilots, Alcock and Brown, in a war- ne bombing machine has been fol- ed since by all types of machines, om "flying bullets" to "flying petrol nks."

And by all types of people—a typist, chorus girl, a mechanic, a scrap mer- ant, a night-club crooner, an insur- ce clerk, a millionaire, a society man, a soap salesman, professional d amateur pilots, Jews and Gentiles, ohammedans and Buddhists. A good ss-section of the human race, all eeds and all classes, have had a go the dreaded "ditch."

Put like that—the numbers of the ossings totted up, and the types who ve tried it (just ordinary people), the lantic doesn't seem such a hazardous nture after all.

But that's the remarkable thing about The Atlantic crossing is every bit risky as we have been led to believe. ith the exception of the Pacific cross- g, it is the chanciest long-distance air urney on earth.

Yet ordinary people—not hand-picked ers with a lifetime's training—have ne much of the pioneering which has scovered those hazards and the way end them.

A few days ago two giant passenger 'planes crossed East and West, running to time like express trains. It was the inaugural flight of the new Atlantic Air Route, hich will be in operation perhaps fore this autumn ends—certainly by rt summer.

By then, London-New York by air will as much a matter of commonplace utine as the London-Paris flight.

Both machines were handled by trans- rt pilots and crews, who treated the ght as any ordinary job. Over the tlantic, and with night coming on, the ew of one machine sat down to a nner cooked on board of soup, boiled lmon, chicken, strawberries and eam, and coffee.

When they landed the owners of both r lines simply announced "The hedule is on." In other words, the tlantic Air Route joins the passenger es of the world as an accomplished ct.

Then, just as nonchalantly, they both ew back.

And while we note the strawberries d cream, and the satisfying finality f that phrase, "The schedule is on," let remember and pay tribute, in a brief ace, to those who have made it pos- ble—and to those who have gone.

It is ten years almost to a month since indbergh made his great non-stop solo ght from New York to Paris. His was e first successful attempt after Alcock d Brown's eight years before. They lled him "The Flying Fool," because hen he set out on his lone journey the shermen of the Newfoundland and abrador coasts were still searching for

Above: "Caledonia," luxuriously equipped Empire flying boat which has just broken speed records in her double flight across the Atlantic. Left: Triumphant return of the first Atlantic conquerors (the late Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitton Brown), whose pioneer flight made history eighteen years ago

the bodies or the wreckage of the aeroplane in which the French airmen, Nungesser and Coli, had started off for America a few days previously.

The world had given them up for lost. And lost they were. Their skeletons were found on a deserted ice-bound Canadian island six years afterwards.

Lindbergh's aim was that of all pioneers; to learn something at first hand about the problems of an Atlantic crossing; to find out what it required from pilot and machine.

If one man flying a single-engined cabin machine could get across, then it would prove that with multi-engined passenger machines, flying crews, and ground organisation an Atlantic Air Route was practical politics.

What he hoped to get out of it personally was little more perhaps than a better job with the air line which employed him.

But we all know what happened—how he became a world figure and his country's No. 1 Hero almost overnight, with any job and almost unlimited money at his command.

That was enough for most of the others. Publicity is an infectious as well as a heady draught. And besides the kudos there were tangible hopes of cash. That counted with some. Emulation and adventure with others. So the procession started.

Within a few weeks of Lindbergh's achievement three lots took off on successful West-East crossings, including the first of the amateur adventurers, a scrap merchant named Levine.

Some took off in bleak dawns, full of "that sinking feeling," with thermos flasks of coffee and a few sandwiches, on those flights which have now ended with schedule time, cooked meals and strawberries and cream.

Others who followed tried to beat the bogy of a forced descent, or being blown off course, by carrying enough petrol to take them half-way to China; others loaded up with inflated suits, rubber lifeboats, and enough flares for ship signalling to supply a fireworks display.

Only last September the crooner Harry Richman packed his machine wings with ping-pong balls to give extra buoyancy in case of a descent on the Atlantic wastes.

And they all learned something. Whatever their motives, publicity, cash or high adventure, they all put something into the common pool of knowledge which has made possible the present scheduled safety of the Atlantic Air Route.

The experiences of Lindbergh, Levine and Byrd showed how unreliable weather forecasts were—taken simply from the point of departure; of the perils of night flying and fog and rain over the Atlantic; of the uselessness of following shipping tracks; of the deficiencies of height-recording instruments and the risks of being without radio for continual direct communication with land or ships.

"Although I received all-clear weather reports before I left, I met with fog and rain for 1,000 miles of the way. I climbed to 10,000 feet without finding good weather."

"We gave up and flew blind. The worst moment came when, thinking we were still at a reasonable height, I looked over and saw the flicker of the wave-tops in the darkness a few feet below."

"I saw nobody at all during the day and when night came I saw the light of only one ship all the way."

"We were lost. And when I saw land ahead I didn't know whether it was Ireland or France. But gee! It *was* land."

Those are extracts from the statements made after some of these pioneer flights.

Others like Stutz, Brock, Stark, the Mollisons, found the great danger-spots on the route—the gale and fog-bound areas of the Newfoundland and New Brunswick coasts, the freak patches on the West-bound circle route, where you can expect the wind to blow in your teeth almost the year round.

These and others among the amateurs found out also the great hazard—*ice on the wings.*

Everybody now knows of that great peril of the air. But it is a queer thing that before these Atlantic flights began nobody seemed to have heard of it. There seemed to have been no experience of it during war-time flying. No crashes had ever been specifically assigned to ice.

It was the Atlantic flyers, looking out and watching that death sign growing in the glimmer of their wing-tip lights and feeling their controls falter, who first nailed that peril for what it was.

And there are those who proved those hazards by their deaths. Those particularly who dared the worst, the Western route. Let us remember *them* also.

Three months after Nungesser and Coli had vanished, gay Leslie Hamilton, Col. Minchin and Princess Lowenstein set off from Upavon aerodrome. They were undeterred by the fate of the first two, but they called a priest to bless their machine before they left. Then, silence for ever.

And eight months afterwards Hinchliffe and the Hon. Elsie Mackay, who took off in a cold wintry dawn—as if you could tempt the Atlantic so far.

Their lessons are in the organisation and equipment of the great air route which opens this week. In the two-way chain of wireless communication for weather and direction, in the gyro-compasses, automatic height recorders, de-icing apparatus, multi-engines and safety gadgets with which these giant Atlantic air liners are fitted.

No machine can be lost now over those grey watery wastes; at any moment during flight the operators on either side can tell exactly where a machine is. There seems no precaution forgotten and the bitter wide Atlantic becomes truly "the ditch."

And now, if you are lucky enough to make a trip on the new route, and sit warmly in your cabin looking on the dark night without, remember those brave ordinary folk who have made it possible.

Men and women who in ten short years have brought the Atlantic Route from cold coffee and "wind-up" to safety and strawberries and cream.

Salute to Adventurers!

FILM THRILL

THERE are warnings in plenty in a drama enacted in a Bristol home recently.

A keen amateur cinematographer who bustled home with a purchase of new films for his projector put them on a table in his sitting-room—paying no particular attention to the fact that they were in the full glare of the sun.

Perhaps he didn't realise how fiercely combustible such films can be if not properly treated. Few of us, in any case, realise what a powerful igniting agent the sun is when focused through distorted glass.

Suddenly, his films burst into flames. Within a matter of seconds the curtains were alight, and before anything could be done serious damage had resulted in that sitting-room.

Many lessons can be learned from that unfortunate experience—but there is one other, as important as any of them.

As a registered reader of JOHN BULL that man received a cheque from us in regard to the entire damage to his property.

Because he had taken the simple precaution of signing a coupon—a similar one appears on page 38 of this issue—he qualified for the protection of our unique free family insurance scheme, and JOHN BULL made his loss *our* loss.

It is from other people's experience of life that we learn our most useful lessons. Surely you see the wisdom of turning to page 38 and signing that coupon *now!*

Gums made Healthy and Strong

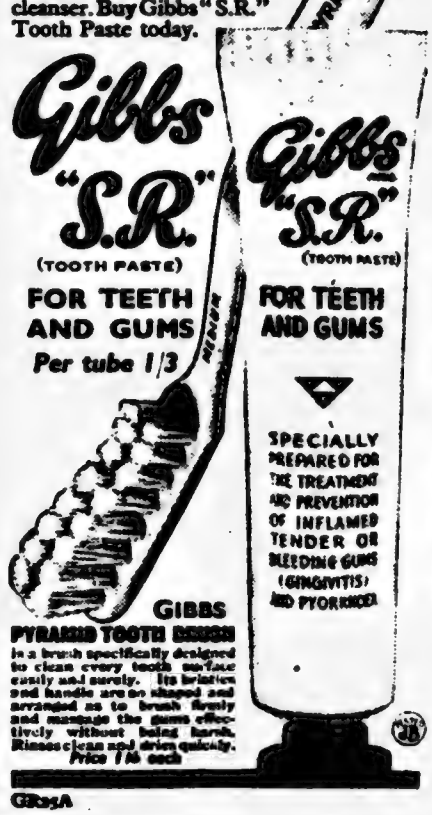
thanks to Gibbs S.R.

"I am certain that had I been able to induce my husband to try Gibbs "S.R." earlier he also might perhaps have avoided the necessity for the removal of all his upper teeth, for since he commenced an energetic treatment for the preservation of his lower teeth, he no longer appears to have any trace of Pyorrhoea, for his gums have once again become healthy and firm, whilst before using your paste he always suffered from a very dry mouth, resulting in the interruption of his sleep at night.

Yours sincerely,
R. Bellesi" *Ref. P.11*

It will do the same for YOU

GIBBS "S.R." TOOTH PASTE is made to a special formula containing a specific which is used by leading dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhoea and gum diseases. Gibbs "S.R." is a complete dental treatment in itself, for in addition to its action in restoring unhealthy gums and protecting healthy ones, Gibbs "S.R." is an exceptionally fine tooth cleanser. Buy Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste today.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An announcement of interest to sufferers of CATARRH appears on page 33

★ Particulars of a new remedy can be obtained by filling in the Coupon.

'10 minutes to wait before the court is clear'—*says* ZELMA O'NEAL

—'*so Mine's a Minor!*'

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

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De Reszke MINORS

In tins: **30** *for* **1/-** ★ **60** *for* **2/-** ★ *In boxes:* **15** *for* **6D** ★ **30** *for* **1/-**

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Frocks Hang Perfectly

The graceful lines of the slim figure are so fascinating and attractive, yet women everywhere go about displaying ugly overhanging lines with frocks that bulge here and bulge there, merely because the foundation is wrong. Correct foundation is everything to fit garments. The amazing new AMBRON Reducing Corset promptly slashes all the "seven-stone" figure faults as if by magic and gives your frocks and costumes that attractive graceful slim shapeliness which all your friends will admire. The AMBRON Reducing CORSET is made from a new washable rubber fabric which exercises an action just like massage with every movement of the body. Merely breathing brings this action into play, so that unwanted and superfluous fat is gradually eliminated without any harmful effects. Scientific perforation gives natural ventilation and controls body temperature.

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Price **10/11**

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Try one in your own home. 1/6 deposit (plus 4d. postage) secures on approval. Balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/6 if preferred AT NO EXTRA COST. If not satisfied deposit refunded in full.

In Tea Rose washable lined rubber fabric, having bones, supports and four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 40 ins. waist. Choose either a Closed Back model (Model CB) or Laced Back (Model LB). Brassiere sizes 30 to 46 ins. bust.

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Don't overlook the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3

Silver Screen SLAVES

By Hannen Swaffer

. R. A. Butler, M.P., Parliamentary cretary, Ministry of Labour, said there uld be an enquiry into the need for an enquiry!

IT is proposed, in the first instance, to ask the proprietors to furnish particulars of wages and working hours. When ese enquiries have been comted, the Minister of Labour will nsider whether a further investiion is desirable."

That was what the Parliamentary retary of the Ministry of Labour d recently, when asked whether it was posed to institute an enquiry into the rworked conditions in which operars and attendants are employed in emas.

In view of the fact that the Minister s had instances where people have had work nearly 80 hours a week for 28s. 7½d., does he not think it is time enquiry was held?"

That was Harry Day, M.P., trying to re things home.

That is precisely why the Ministry holding an enquiry."

That was the Parliamentary Secretary, ing clever.

Now what it means in cold fact is that e Ministry of Labour is at last going hold an enquiry into the necessity holding an enquiry!

For years, the conditions of employent in cinemas have been exposed. ore than once, I have printed the fact at, when faced with the scandalous nditions of employment in luxurious n houses, one proprietor said, "But e girls can look at the pictures for thing."

Now we are supposed to live in a Christian" land, one for which, defending Civilisation," they were told, early 1,000,000 men died. Yet it is a untry in which workers are still eated.

Some years ago my friend Maisie ay wrote a book called "Laughing hrough Life."

Evening Dress

She related the story of a famous ondon cinema in which the 77 emloyees received wages averaging not ore than £3 8s. a week. This included e important-looking manager, who got £6, the organist, who received £8, and e operators, who were the highest paid.

You saw, "in front," the assistant anager, who, no doubt, you thought as a very important person, although ctually he had to provide his own evenng dress and pay for laundry and all her incidentals. He received only £4 week.

The manager had to be in the building om half-past ten in the morning until e last member of the audience was out f the theatre at night.

Now this meant that he was working well over twelve hours a day! That is not uncommon. Rather can you say that it is almost general.

When the assistant manager, told by the controller of the group of cinemas, of which that was one, that he was not allowed to leave the building for meals, asked how he was expected to get food, the reply was, "You get your food before you go in."

"Think of it," wrote Maisie Gay, "an assistant manager in one of these gilded palaces works for 1s. 1½d. an hour!

"The female staff are no better off. A girl in a pay-box, who must be quick, alert and accurate, works from 9 until the time she has cashed in at night, usually half-past ten, with intervals for meals. She receives only £2 5s. a week.

"A female usher, for whom that horrible word, 'usherette,' has been coined, gets £2 a week—and there are very few tips to be made in a cinema."

Well, Maisie Gay's protest came to nothing. I doubt, indeed, if more than a few film magnates read it.

But from all over the country a wail about overwork has gone up from cinema attendants.

These girls are lined up in the morning, and the manager walks round to "look them over." Then their long hours start.

Said a Welsh girl: "When everybody else is going to play games or walking or cycling, we are working. We have to get our romances second-hand from the screen."

In some parts of the country, cinema owners have refused to meet the National Union of Theatrical Employees and the Musicians' Union.

Boycott?

On Merseyside, local trade unionists went so far as to consult all the leaders of religious thought—the Bishop of Liverpool, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Free Church Council and the Jewish Council, because the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association refused to meet representatives of the 12,000 cinema employees. Mass meetings were planned, so that the public should know all the facts.

Indeed, conditions in some towns are so bad that trade unionists may be asked to start a cinema boycott until the employees get their rights.

In London there are tens of thousands of cinema attendants and doormen who work from 60 to 80 hours a week! Certainly, there was recently negotiated an agreement providing for a working day of ten hours for a five-and-a-half-day week. But evasion still goes on.

"In the provinces, where there is no such agreement," says Mr. O'Brien, the secretary of the National Union of Theatrical Employees, "it is common for attendants and doormen to work anything from 60 up to 75 and 80 hours a week.

No Home Life

"We can do nothing, because few of these people are organised in any way. While there are, of course, many good proprietors—and we have individual agreements with some owners and firms—not more than 10 per cent. of the people working in cinemas are governed by agreements which specify what hours they shall work. The remainder either have to work the hours they are told or they have to get out."

"I have no home life," says one attendant, "and apart from Sundays I never have a day free in the year! Can't something be done for us?"

On his early night—that is one night a week—this man leaves the cinema at eight o'clock. On every other night, although he starts at 9 a.m., he is lucky if he can get away before 11.15!

In Bolton and Manchester even skilled operators are sometimes paid as little as £2 10s. a week, this, too, at a time when Seebohm Rowntree estimates that no family of five can live decently on less than £3 15s. a week!

You would not believe it, but quite a number of girls "employed" selling chocolates and cigarettes on commission in big London cinemas receive as little as 15s. a week.

Mr. Harry Day, M.P., pressed for action

Often, the tall doorman you see in resplendent uniform standing outside a great cinema, looking like a commander-in-chief, is paid as little as 40s. a week.

In Scotland, cases are reported where attendants are working eighty-four hours a week for 20s., less 1s. 4d. insurance contribution!

These conditions are found just as frequently in the super cinemas, where as much as 8s. 6d. is paid for a seat, and in which large staffs are necessary to cope with a steady flow of customers.

"But she can see the pictures for nothing," a film magnate would say.

But usually she's kept too busy! And life in continual gloom may become a steady headache.

The film kings have made pictures around most scandals.

Here's an Idea

Perhaps, one day, they will make a picture with an usherette as the heroine, and a cinema operator as the leading character. What a film that would make—if the truth were told!

No doubt, if they ever do this—and they won't!—the manager in his immaculate evening dress would become the villain, driving the other employees on.

But actually, he should not be made the villain, for he is as much a part of the machine as are the people under him.

He himself has worked often from as early as 9.30 a.m. and finished after midnight—and in some cases he has had to do it seven days a week—and he has been sent for "on the mat" if his weekly takings are not sent in, in time.

"My husband works sixty-eight hours a week for a salary of £2 5s.," writes a Sydenham woman. "He is an attendant at a cinema, and is on his feet all day. When he first started, his employer promised him a rise of 5s. after a month. But when seven weeks had elapsed, and he complained, he did not get it.

"Although my husband is supposed to get from twelve noon to 4.30 p.m. off on Sundays, on some occasions he has sometimes worked that time painting up the cinema. The manager had put down his overtime as 6s. 6d. The owner said 3s. 3d. was quite sufficient."

Then this woman tells how, in the same cinema, there is a boy working aged fourteen or fifteen. He works from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. with an hour for lunch and an hour for tea. He gets the magnificent salary of 12s. 6d. a week!

I have before me as I write scores of such stories, vouched for by the victims.

When will their cry be heard?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

CHILDREN are fond of "daring" each other to do this or that. The more foolhardy the challenge, the more they admire the one who accepts it. Those who won't accept "dares" they despise as cowards.

It's a childish game, and should be left to children; but there are a lot of adults who go on looking at life from the same childish point of view.

There are plenty of people who think there is something clever and courageous in accepting challenges, no matter how foolhardy, idiotic or irrational the thing is it is suggested they should do; and to refuse is apt to be regarded as at least a sign of weak will, if not of cowardice.

But by the time we grow up we are supposed to have put away childish things. We are supposed to have cultivated such things as balanced judgment, real appreciation of values, ability to distinguish between what is worth while and what isn't. We are supposed to have learned at least the A.B.C. of rational behaviour.

To behave foolishly just because someone suggests we should is not clever in the least. It is not a sign of courage. It denotes as a rule nothing more valuable than a desire to show off. It is for you, as a rational, thinking being, to decide what course of action you will take, not for someone else to decide for you. If you can't decide for yourself, you haven't learned to think.

A sign of real courage and strength of character is to be able to oppose instead of following the mob, to be able to give a very definite "No" to any suggestion you know to be silly or wrong. If people laugh at you for so doing, let them. It pleases them and it doesn't hurt you.

There's only one thing that can hurt you in the long run, and that's to be false to your own character. So long as you go on being yourself, you're bound to win through.

Subtle 'Two-Taste' Flavour takes public by storm

'Hooray! Mummie won't share her Coffee Truffle—so she gets me one for myself!'

'A wizard new taste. Full-flavoured enjoyment I call it!'

'From bite to swallow—a thrill all the way!'

Summer's favourite for thousands is Milk Coffee Truffle

SUMMER'S here—and with it to delight you comes Coffee Truffle. It's one of the most subtle of Cadbury's Filled Blocks—with a grand flavour that everyone's raving about. It's not just truffle—nor yet just coffee—for the two flavours mingle deliciously on your tongue, giving a deliciously surprising two-taste flavour you've never tried before.

If you like Chocolate, if you like Coffee, Truffle, you'll simply love the three of them together in this Cadbury's Filled Block.

And don't forget the rest of the Filled Blocks. There's Caramello, Turkish Delight, Marzipan, and many other favourites. But first of all try Coffee Truffle—the chocolate with TWO marvellous flavours that turn into ONE perfect one.

It's one of the

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

CARAMELLO, MARZIPAN *and many other flavours*

4d per ¼ lb. also 2 oz. 2d.

Wales Meets the King and Queen

A CAR driving slowly up and down long lines of cheering people . . . banners in the breeze . . . and arms raised in salute . . . a great occasion fraught with historic memories for a Royal family and their subjects. Caught by the unforgetting eye of the camera, these scenes take on a new meaning for everybody. That is why WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED with its vital news-in-pictures appeal has won the admiration of hundreds and hundreds of thousands. You musn't miss the issue out on Friday, July 23, containing historic pictures of their Majesties in Wales.

G.H.Q. Fire Fighters

We always thought the London Fire Brigade was the best in the world . . . but what's this news about a super-efficient G.H.Q. with marvellous instrument boards and gleaming monsters that would make a youngster's eyes glisten? Well—the secret's out this week . . . so don't miss this latest revelation *in pictures*—in WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED—of what science can do when it really gets busy with our safety!

Amateurs in the Swim

There's talent here! And thrills galore. Here's what every swimmer would like to be . . . speed, grace and strength streaking through the water. Pictures you mustn't miss . . . taken in the modern manner for WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED—out on Friday.

What Dogs!

Paris goes gay! What, again? Yes, but this time it's the dogs who are on parade. What elegance . . . what grace . . . what charming owners! We don't know which gets the most attention—but you know how it is in Paris! And you'll see how it is—*in pictures*—in WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED.

Have you seen this "War"?

Just what does a modern war mean? Perhaps you couldn't find the time to run down to Southampton during their recent "black-out"; but you can still see it, and you'll agree that it's the most sensational scheme of War manœuvres ever undertaken in this Country. Thrilling night "shots" . . . gas attacks . . . bombers caught by the searchlights . . . guns and rescue parties in action. Don't miss these pictures—in WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED on Friday.

Down Thames with a Murderer

Yes, that's their story, and they stick to it! But it's so skilfully told on the screen that you'll get the thrill of your life. Anyway, have a peep at the remarkable advance "shots" in WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED on Friday.

The Deadly Roads of England

So you won't fly because it's dangerous? But do you know what the roads are doing to people—every hour, every day, every week? Here are some facts and proofs *in pictures* of something which every British citizen should take to heart. Here is a call to action which everyone must answer. Don't ignore it.

From Sea to Sandwich

A sardine is such a small fish—but do you know what it takes to catch it? Before you open another tin, take a look at these pictures of sardine fishers out for a kill.

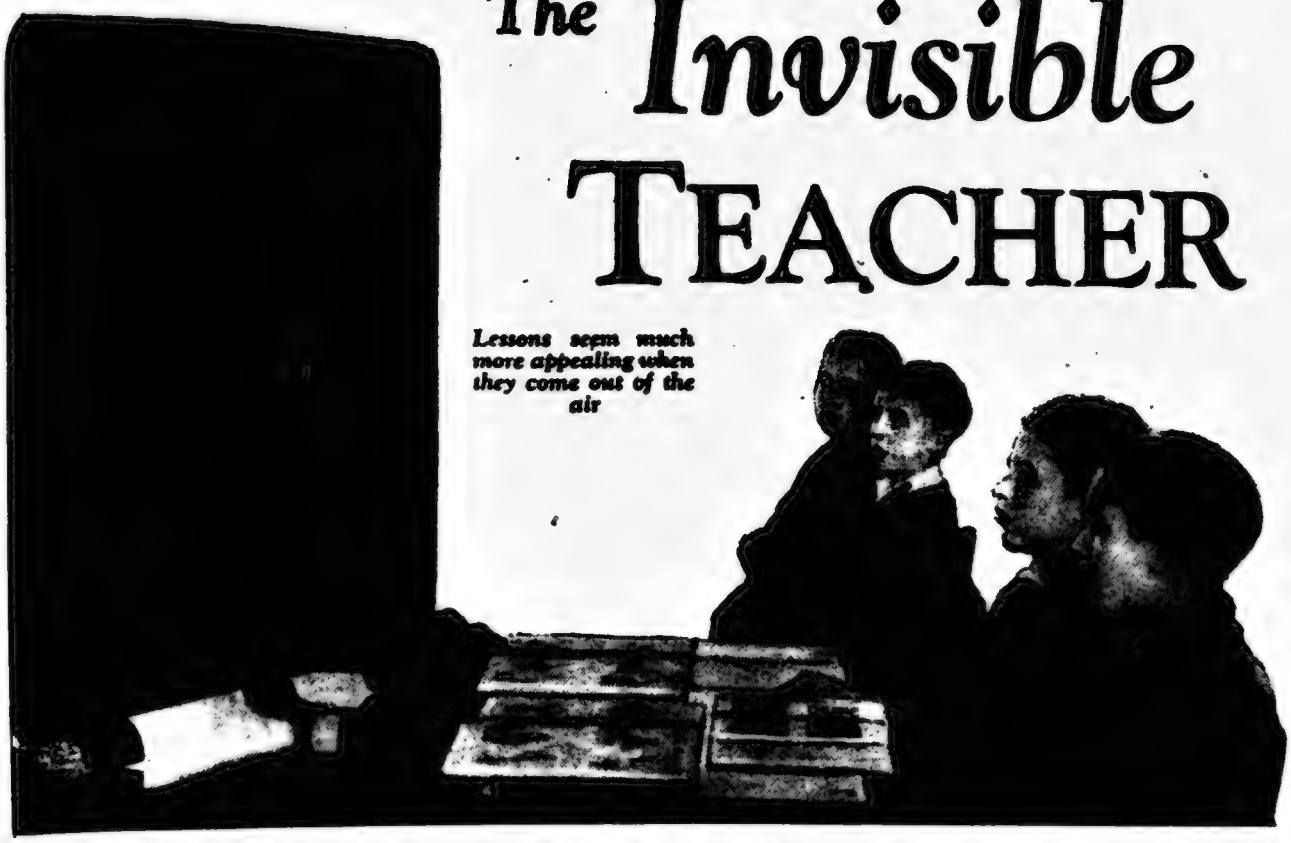
Greatest Spy Story yet

When Bernard Newman writes a spy story it's time to get busy . . . and undoubtedly "Lady Doctor" is the best spy thriller ever written. Inspired by a challenge in Newman's famous story "Spy," this book will be a sensation, but before appearing as a book it is being published in serial form in WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED. Don't miss the instalment in the issue out to-morrow.

And so—you have had a glimpse of some of the thrilling contents of WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED—out Friday, July 23rd.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED is the newest thing in journalism—bringing you in scores of wonderful pictures a rapid social, political, and sporting commentary that is daring, intimate and revealing—vivid glimpses of your world which you will want to keep all your life. It's always in great demand. Order your copy to-day—only twopence.

The Invisible TEACHER



Lessons seem much more appealing when they come out of the air

Mechanised Britain—4

Schools are breaking up and pupils are bidding farewell to their teachers for the summer holidays, not, it must be admitted, with any evident reluctance.

But there is one teacher who will be missed by many, though he is never seen—the robot mentor of wireless talks to schools.

This article, the fourth in our series, showing how mechanisation is changing our daily life, tells how the broadcasting idea was born, and traces its development until 6,717 schools throughout the country now favour the "Invisible Teacher."

A YOUNG undergraduate, convalescing after an illness, with the wireless going at her bedside, began to contemplate the possibilities of establishing a system of broadcasting to schools.

She wrote to Mr. John Reith (as he then was) who had also been considering the idea and, on her recovery, came down from Oxford once a week to formulate plans. . . .

It was on April 4, 1924, that this dim anticipation of Miss Mary Somerville, O.B.E., became a reality when Sir Walford Davies opened the first experimental broadcast to schools from Savoy Hill. The regular service was established six months later.

Thought of this highly organised aspect of the English broadcasting system poses a question: What are our children listening to?

For the Department of School Broadcasting *is* highly organised when you consider that, whereas only a few dozen schools were receiving these programmes twelve years ago, 6,717 listening schools are now on the B.B.C. register—with an increase of over 2,000 in the past year.

THESE figures are shown in the annual programme of school broadcasting for the year 1937-38 which the B.B.C. published recently.

"We are satisfied as to their value," stated the Ullswater Committee when discussing the broadcasts for schools at the beginning of last year, "and look forward to the time when every school will have a wireless receiving apparatus as part of its normal equipment, to the benefit both of the children and of the teaching staff."

The Central Council for School Broadcasting, which is the virtual inspiration of all B.B.C. talks to schools, works outside, but in close co-operation with, the Department of Schools Broadcasting at Broadcasting House.

The Council sums up its object and policy in one word—Stimulation. It claims that its aim is not to *instruct*, in a direct and positive sense, but to train and encourage young minds into the disposition for acquiring knowledge on their own account. In a word, to *interest*.

It may be argued that a scholar, hearing the broadcasts to schools, first learns something of the art of listening—a knowledge which will be useful to him later in life, since it will enable him to avail himself of the recreational advantages of the wireless in a critical and selective manner. . . .

In the absence of the personality and facial expressions of the talker, the ability to listen for twenty minutes at a stretch and maintain interest in the subject is something of an acquired art, as Mr. Richard C. Steele, in a recent radio talk on broadcasting to schools, pointed out.

One main fact to keep in mind is that the broadcasts to schools are not "lessons" in the traditional sense of the word. They are pleasant half-hours during which children may lose themselves in the remote dimensions of time and space which the history and travel talks—to mention two principal subjects—impart to the imaginative. . . .

Those responsible for the school broadcasts feel that immense psychological value lies in the fact that the talks reach the children from an outside source.

It gives them a sense of detachment and escape from the restricted confines of the classroom. A lesson or talk that originates in the classroom may be dull and tedious.

BUT in a broadcast talk, any element of novelty is possible—a famous airman or traveller may come to the microphone to relate his adventures, or the children may suddenly find themselves transported—by means either of "effects" or a recorded programme—to a spot several hundred miles away.

In "History in the Making," talks on important current affairs—"Unemployment and Defence," etc.—by such amiable microphone personalities as Stephen King-Hall and Professor John Hilton, facts are stated and conclusions drawn with a scrupulous impartiality, a complete absence of bias or personal opinion.

This manifestly necessary proviso often makes the treatment of a subject extremely difficult. Speaking on the Public Order Bill, Mr. K. C. Boswell successfully evaded controversy by citing the historical precedent of Henry VII, who banned political uniforms during the Wars of the Roses.

Such kinds of reference, besides being uncontroversial, serve also to keep the pupils' interest in history alive.

Fortunately, the unanimous attitude of the House of Commons to the Public Order Bill enabled Mr. Boswell to *imply* his approval. For instance, he explained how unsatisfactory it would be if a classroom of boys divided itself into two uniformed factions; but despite this, he found it by no means easy to pitch the right note, and the talk entailed hours of careful preparation.

Children are encouraged, this way, to read the newspapers, form independent judgments, and view world affairs in a balanced and considered light.

Co-operation with the recorded programmes department in the matter of school broadcasting is increasing. The experiment of sending the recording vans, on one occasion, to a coal mine, and, on another, to an East Anglian herring fleet, proved so successful that arrangements were subsequently made for broadcasts from the docks, a Lancashire cotton mill and the Post Office.

"They make us understand better," is how one child listener described the dramatised versions of historical events. How much more interesting it is for children to hear famous historical incidents in short play form, with suitable effects, than to hear a chapter read from a history book.

The progress of this branch of education is signified by the fact that whereas, in the past, most schools had to provide their own receiving apparatus by means of funds raised through concerts and jumble sales and so forth, installations are now made widely possible by the local authorities for education.

This accounts very largely for the increase of 2,000 schools on the B.B.C. listening register in the past year. Fifteen pounds is all that it costs to equip most schools with radio, and if installations were made in all schools in the country the cost would not greatly exceed £400,000.

Negotiations with the manufacturers of radio sets have been opened with a view to having sets specially designed for the benefit of schools.

The artistic and lavishly illustrated pamphlets which the B.B.C. issues for children to follow and refer to while they listen are purchased through the educational departments of the local councils.

Now and again the broadcasters to schools make a tour of schools in various parts of the country to ascertain how their broadcasts are received.

Professor Winifred Cullis has actually sat with the pupils in various classrooms while a Blattnerphoned version of her own talk has come through on the radio.

It is up to the teachers to select the particular groups or series of talks which they consider most advisable for their classes.

WHEN their knowledge of special subjects (such as music or gardening) is limited, teachers welcome authoritative radio talks, and many aspiring teachers, studying at training colleges, are now urged to work with the fact of school broadcasting in mind.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of school broadcasting is the undeniable fact that children *are* wholeheartedly interested. They *enjoy* the broadcasts, and it is clear that their powers of observation and independent thought benefit greatly as a result.

Very recently, C. C. Gaddum, who gives Nature Study talks, referred to toadstool ink—a queer, inky liquid that results from letting a special variety of toadstool stand in a saucer for a week.

The following week hundreds of letters reached the B.B.C. from schoolchildren in all parts of the country. They were all written in toadstool ink!

★ *Politics and You* ★

CRY *of the* CHILDREN

BACK bench M.P.s are getting restive at the terrible toll of the roads. They can't understand the complacency of the Government in face of the shocking loss of life now going on. Some of them are asking how much more parents will stand without organised protest.

Last year, 6,561 persons were killed on the roads of Great Britain and no fewer than two-thirds of them were the most peaceful and least dangerous of all road users—pedestrians and pedal cyclists.

Dr. Burgin, the new Minister of Transport, thought this fact would surprise M.P.s. We don't believe it. They cannot be as ignorant as all that—unless they are as slow-witted as he appears to be to what is happening.

The plain truth is that, except as a publicity stunt, the thousands of yellow beacons and miles of dotted lines have largely failed.

In spite of them there has been an increase this year both of killed and injured. And the increase is most marked among pedestrians, for whose safety these things were instituted.

A large percentage of those killed are the old and the young. During the first six months of 1936, 41 per cent. of the pedestrians involved in accidents were under fifteen years of age. And, among these children most fatal accidents happened to kiddies of five or six.

Dr. Burgin solemnly assures us (though we could have guessed it) that the reason why children thus get killed is because they haven't developed a "traffic sense."

And his main remedy is that such a sense must be demanded or they must always be accompanied by an adult—which shows a woeful lack of knowledge as to what is possible in most working-class homes.

* * *

This, surely, is asking too much. The duty to take care, whatever the inconvenience, should rest on the motorist. To make the penalty of momentary forgetfulness death, or at the best, maiming for life is preposterous.

The real remedy lies in fitting the roads to the various individuals who use them, not the individuals to the roads. This, however, involves the expenditure of much money and drastic interference with vested interests.

The Government is disinclined to either—unless the bereaved families of the nation speak in no uncertain voice.

H

***PERHAPS** the greatest phenomenon of modern times is the amazing growth in popularity of the mass holiday idea.*

More and more people are flocking to the great "camps," where inspired organisation provides a maximum of amusement and recreation at a minimum cost.

The spirit of holiday fun symbolises the atmosphere that pervades the new camps

WHEREVER you travel around the coast of Britain you may see signs of the seaside "revolution." The old order is changing, and changing rapidly.

A new kind of holiday settlement has come into existence, a new kind of miniature township to which clings a name associated with a few huts and tents in any vacant field—*holiday camp*.

There is not much of the camp atmosphere about these model villages. Gone is the communal tap, the chaos of tents and groundsheets; gone is the discomfort.

Out of those rows of canvas dwellings which dotted the country a few years ago have developed places planned with the care and foresight of garden suburbs.

And no one has thought of a better term for them yet than that out-of-date "holiday camp."

The essential difference lies in the fact that a *camp* is a temporary thing, while these places are as permanent as steel and concrete can make them.

They vary in shape and size as much as seaside landladies. And, incidentally, *they* are the very people who have cause for concern at this phenomenal change. In dwindling bookings many seaside landladies measure the growth of their lusty rivals.

o o o

Principles of mass-production have marched into the field of holiday catering. Men who think in terms of tens of thousands are catering for the masses in the same way as chain stores and super-cinemas.

The appearance of these chalet-towns is as much in keeping with the march of time as radio and cheap motor-cars.

And the brilliance of the whole idea lies in giving the home-loving Englishman his own front door, even his own strip of garden.

He may shut himself in his own tiny house and yet share the benefits that lie in a kind of commercialised socialism.

There is a lot of romance behind the story of how the holiday camp idea has spread.

Two or three years ago there lay along the coast, between Skegness and Mablethorpe, a stretch of flat, dreary land. A young man used to drive along the road above this wilderness on the way to the amusement park which he owns in Skegness and wonder if it could be turned to any use.

His name—Butlin—will be familiar to holidaymakers throughout the country as the owner of amusement parks. But few know how he began.

Twenty years ago he landed in England off a cattle-boat from Canada with five pounds in his pocket. Within fifteen hours he had made half a million pounds.

He began with an old van and a *hoop-la* stall, touring the fairgrounds. To-day he owns fifteen great amusement parks, each of which takes thousands of pounds a week in threepences and sixpences. He is still under forty.

Driving, then, along the road to Mablethorpe, he pondered on the success of a holiday camp at Seaton, in Devon, in which he had an interest. And then the great idea struck him—what a place could be constructed on the bare, valueless land!

Within a few weeks he had formed a company, drawn up his plans. Forty acres of land were bought, cheaply enough, and he himself laid out the available space on paper.

His wife helped him with the details. And then his builders arrived and threw up two immense halls, each containing kitchens, restaurants, bars, ballrooms.

Roads were laid down to run around the estate; 2,000 neat little chalets were built in orderly rows, in various styles, to hold one, two or three persons.

o o o

Then 25,000 rose trees were brought to the scene. The ground had been churned into a quagmire by the builders' men during the winter months of building. So a couple of fields were bought for their turf, and the grass was laid at the new campers' "town."

The place opened last year to 1,000 people. Soon it reached its full capacity, and now it takes 2,000 a week. It is a triumph of organising skill, and typical of the best kind of holiday camp up and down the country.

What is life like in vast new holiday camps of this type? You have to see for yourself to grasp the wonderful spirit of communal campings, but let me give you a picture of one big holiday camp at which I have just spent several days.

To see for myself, I became a number in an army of people whose regimentation was in the cause of pleasure.

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Driving along the coast road at night I saw, in the distance, immense letters of neon light against the sky. Nearer, I realised that they surmounted tall, white buildings from which came the sounds of dance music, laughter and sliding feet.

Waiters flitted to and fro across the glass doors and small groups sat out on the lawn in front, at small tables, as before some Continental café.

In the foreground, immediately below the coast road, was an immense swimming-pool with sparkling fountains at either end. The whole area of green, shimmering water was floodlit and hundreds of bathers were enjoying it to the full.

As I stopped my car before the doors marked "Reception," a uniformed porter lifted my suitcase from the back and led the way into the building. I became "K 16," and followed my muscular guide along a white concrete road which led to the chalets extending in rows beyond the communal buildings.

My chalet lay half-way along a row. Door and windows were all in front, the other three walls being blank. It contained two beds—very comfortable and clean—a simple wardrobe, dressing chest and wash-hand basin with running water. The bathrooms were at the end of the row, labelled "Lads" and "Lassies."

I looked out through my door at a strip of lawn ten yards wide and the back of another chalet. Rose bushes bordered the lawns and rose trees stood at intervals about the centre. There was no "Keep off the grass," but everyone kept, I noticed, to the paved walks.

Cleaned and changed after my journey I walked over to one of the main buildings. Through an open door at the back I glimpsed immense boilers, and, through another, piles of cabbages and potatoes.

I came upon a perfect reproduction of an old inn, and then a very modern bar with black and chromium fittings. I met a young man who offered to show me round, explaining that he was a kind of host, or organiser.

He was one of half a dozen who teach games, instruct novices in the swimming-pool and on horseback—yes, there is even riding—act as dance partners, and so on; and there are girls for this work, too.

Altogether, a whole-time social staff of twenty is kept busy. The place requires as many specialised workers as some vast hotel—clerks, secretaries, hairdressers, shop assistants, waiters, chefs.

The entire staff, from the general manager and head chef down to the humblest cleaner, have their own quarters on one side of the establishment. Their own common-rooms, amusements, bathrooms.

My guide led me to one of the main halls where all the newly arrived guests and most of the others were gathered. On a stage at one end a young man in immaculate flannels

Holiday Miracle for ALL

was addressing them through a microphone.

"Get the 'camper-spirit'" he urged them. "Say 'good morning' to everyone."

Then he broke off and drew a deep breath.

"Hi-de-hi!" he roared.

"Hi-de-ho!" everyone shouted back.

And then the orchestra struck up and they all began to dance. And as I stood there watching I observed a young man in a singlet and flannels looking on from a corner, and recognised the proprietor as he came towards me.

"Look at them," he said. "They're loving it. For perhaps the first time in their lives they're getting outside themselves. They're *happy*."

"And what does it all cost?"

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"Don't you know? Three guineas a week—all in. That covers every activity in the place except horse-riding."

And so I found it to be.

Next morning I was awakened by a tremendous voice from loud-speakers on top of the buildings.

"Good-morning, campers!"

"Good-morning," came the reply from a thousand throats. At the same time a bugle somewhere burst out with "Come to the cookhouse door."

Many of the guests seemed to have been up for hours. The bathing pool was crowded, the tennis courts all had their complement of players. And in the gymnasium, with its boxing ring, punchballs, medicine balls, dozens of ping-pong tables, there was tremendous activity.

Breakfast consisted of grapefruit, bacon and eggs, bread and marmalade, tea. There was no choice. The same with lunch and dinner. Only one menu, and that simple but wholesome. Second helpings for all who could manage them.

The orchestra played at meal-times. The organisers announced events of the day—hikes, exercise, classes, galas, gymkhanas, regattas. The place even has its own boating lake, as big as in any park, with rustic bridges and rockeries. And a special fishing pond, stocked with all kinds of fish. Rods and lines lent free.

After breakfast I walked around, marvelling. There were so many things to do. I could have played billiards on any one of twenty perfect tables. Free.

Or rowed on the lake, or exercised on those new kinds of swings which you see in amusement parks, which carry you right around in a circle, within a little cage. Free.

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On all sides there was laughter. Everyone seemed happy. Groups of youths and girls strolled arm in arm, middle-aged people played mildly with putters and croquet sticks on the lawns, elderly folk looked on indulgently.

A strange vehicle slid smoothly by—a two-seater bicycle—propelled by a couple of children.

To practise on the putting lawn you merely borrow sticks and balls from the "tuck-shop." To join in any kind of game you merely had to go and look. The indefatigable organisers roped you in, permitting no refusal.

If you wanted to slip away quietly with a book there were places where the more boisterous element never intruded.

You could wander off along the sand dunes and find a secluded nook, or—if it were cold—make for the reading lounge, with its comfortable chairs and clubroom atmosphere.

The chalets, built of concrete and painted in bright colours, were almost soundproof. Noises reached you as from a great distance. These little houses are damp- and fire-proof.

Not one in a hundred of the visitors to such great holiday camps as this leave it for a moment until it is time to go home. That three guineas a week pays not only for comfortable board and lodging, often far above seaside boarding-house standards, but for every kind of pleasurable activity.

There are, of course, many young people attracted to these working-class paradises, principally from industrial towns. They have their own chalets and behave with absolute decorum. In several days I saw no single instance of rowdyism, no breach of the mild regulations.

"Lights out!" comes at midnight, but actually, long before that time most of the campers retire, worn out by the constant round of activity since early morning.

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And during the night the camp's own police force, a trusted detachment of six family men, patrol the lines to watch over the sleeping holiday-makers. They are ready to deal with any emergency, such as calling assistance in case of sudden illness.

There is, of course, a first-aid department attended by trained nurses, and doctors are within call. Also, there are shops where most light articles may be bought, and even fancy dress hired.

Once a week there is a fancy dress ball, a beauty competition and a carnival. On Sunday divine service is led, either in the great hall or on the largest lawn, by some church dignitary.

Attendance at this service is optional, but nearly everyone *does* attend. And the visiting bishops preach their brief sermons without quibbling at the bare heads, tennis shirts and shorts.

So much is there to do, from hour to hour, that you may gain the impression of almost bewildering activity. It would be easy to let yourself be drawn into one pursuit after another and find, before the day were through, that you were completely exhausted.

I raised this point with the proprietor of one big camp.

"I know that very well," he answered without hesitation. "We have found, from the most careful observation, that the tendency is for visitors to try to do everything at first.

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"Then, in a few days, they settle down, and adjust their activities to their natural requirements. There are plenty of places in and around the camp where you may retire quietly and be left in peace.

"When the new arrivals find that the chance of carefree happiness will not pass suddenly away they form their own programme, according to their tastes.

"The point is that we are catering for holiday needs on an enormous scale. We have to have something happening *all* the time, or a certain proportion of people might get bored. And that would never do!"

Here, then, at the marvellous new seaside holiday camps, one gets a glimpse of one of Britain's most amazing movements, a social levelling without equal in the world. There are other camps, many smaller, one or two bigger, but this is typical of what can be done by careful organisation.

By cutting out costs which old concerns have to meet, holiday camps are able to provide something *like* a holiday at excursion rates.

They are bringing health and happiness within the reach of thousands to whom such an experience would otherwise be impossible.

DONKEY DERBY
Bumps, laughs and thrills

GOOD BOATING
The ideal hot weather pastime

INDOOR EXERCISE
No worry if it rains!

PUTT IN COMFORT
In unconventional golfing dress

BETTER THAN TENTS
Comfort with simplicity

THEIR OWN 'WIMBLEDON'
Strenuous, but popular

THE INNER MAN
Camp life develops healthy appetites

Unsolved Mysteries (1)

Thrilling New Series by Stanley Bishop

The burnt-out car on the moor at the Wolf's Neck. Beside it was found Miss Evelyn Foster, in a critical condition

CRIME at the Wolf's Neck

A BITTERLY cold January night: iron frost clamping the countryside.

The long sweeping north road at its desolate worst, mile after mile of dark loneliness, with nothing but withered heather scrub and bleak daleland hills on either side—the road unfenced, open to the moor.

Walter Smith Beatty, motor salesman, had thoughts on journey's end and home comforts as he sped northwards. The lights of his car made the shadows of the moor fantastically uncouth.

Just lately he had passed the Northumberland hamlet of Belsay. He was coming through the cleft in the low hills called The Wolf's Neck, seven miles short of Otterburn, the moor township which gave its name to a Border battlefield.

To the right of the highway ahead a curious flickering illumination showed. As the slope favoured his view, Beatty saw with surprise the cause—a motor-car off the road and on fire.

Burning motor-cars were very much in the public mind about that time, for Arthur Rouse, commercial traveller of unpleasant love-making record, and later convicted "blazing car murderer," was awaiting his trial.

"I slowed down and put my brakes on," said Beatty in recounting the adventure afterwards. "I looked in the direction of the flames and saw that it was a car. There was no movement of a person anywhere.

The car appeared to be practically burned out.

"What I thought was that the car had been left. I saw nothing untoward on the road. So I drove on again. The time would have been about half-past nine to ten o'clock."

Considering the condition of the burnt car and the fact that nobody else was about, Smith Beatty behaved reasonably in not getting out and investigating the fire.

Naturally, he imagined that the people of the burning car had been taken elsewhere by another passing vehicle to secure assistance.

If only Walter Smith Beatty had acted differently, he would have been the first to discover a mystery crime the solution of which is still as far away as it was on that night of January 6, 1931. He would have been a material witness to murder.

Half an hour later a motor omnibus travelled the same road, bound from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Otterburn and the garage of Mr. Joseph Foster.

Driver Cecil Johnson, in charge of the omnibus, and his conductor, noticed the fire, although by then it was sinking.

"Quite by chance I saw the car," said Johnson afterwards. "The flames were nearly burned out and there was only the back wheel alight. I stopped my omnibus and went across immediately."

Both men stumbled across the intervening roughness of ditch and mound until they reached the wreckage of a fine saloon car. They, too, thought at first the car was abandoned, until, searching, they came on a young woman lying face downward on the ice of a watergully.

Evelyn Foster—a good, straightforward country girl

As the men bent over the prone figure they recognised with consternation who it was—Evelyn Foster, daughter of their employer!

She was only partially conscious. Her face was black and blue—according to the description of Driver Johnson—as though from blows. Much of her clothing was burned away.

An overcoat was wrapped around her. She was carried to the omnibus. They asked her what had happened. All they could get from her were the muttered phrases: "Oh, that horrible man! That horrible man! He has gone in a motor-car."

Back at Otterburn, poor Evelyn Foster was given into the loving care of her family. Doctors were called. The terrible burns were tended and everything possible was done to relieve the girl's suffering.

To her mother Evelyn was able, in intervals of coherence, to whisper fragments of a narrative of stark terror. "It was that man," she said. "He hit me and burned me."

For an understanding of the grim events of that winter night, one must turn back the clock a few hours and give explanations.

Evelyn Foster was in business on her own account. She did car hire work from her father's garage with a Hudson saloon purchased from her savings. In summer she had a contract from a military camp near by and generally did well, as was evidenced by her Lloyds Bank account with a credit balance of nearly £500 and possessions in all worth £1,400.

Earlier in the evening Evelyn Foster drove passengers to a village north of Otterburn.

On her return she was stopped at Elishaw by a man who alighted from another car. He explained that he wanted to reach Newcastle-on-Tyne. His friends could take him no farther than Elishaw village. Could she drive him, please, to Ponteland, where he would catch a bus to his destination?

No particular attention was paid by Evelyn Foster to the other car. It was, she thought, an Essex with a letter "T.N." registration and there were three men in it.

As for her new passenger, he was youngish, about 5 ft. 6 in. in height, slim built, clean shaven, and well dressed in blue overcoat, grey-green lounge suit and bowler hat. He spoke rather like a middle-class educated Tynesider.

Of course, Evelyn Foster accepted the job without hesitancy—just part of a day's work.

When at Otterburn, on the drive south—about half after seven o'clock—Evelyn stopped at the Foster garage for petrol, and mentioned to her sister where she was going.

A suggestion was made that Evelyn should take a male friend with her on the journey, but nothing was done about it.

Before the girl went to the garage to fill up, her passenger alighted, saying he would meet her again on the bridge adjacent to the local hotel. Evelyn thought he was going for a drink.

She picked him up on the bridge, and he took a place in the car on the front seat by her side.

After leaving Otterburn, while the car was travelling the unfrequented moor road, the young man began to get a little "fresh" with his attractive girl driver. He edged closer to her and offered a cigarette, which was refused. "You seem to be an independent young woman," he gibed.

When the car was at Belsay village, the passenger behaved unaccountably. Suddenly he said, "Stop and turn back. I am going north again."

Puzzled, and by now a bit nervous of the too-insistent stranger, the girl asked what possessed him to change his mind. "That is none of your business. Turn back!" was the brusquely given reply.

And, against her better judgment, Evelyn Foster turned back to begin a drive of incredible nightmare horror.

No sooner were the lights of the hamlet behind them than the man leaned across and struck the defenceless

(Continued on page 24)

SLIM

Without Fuss Or Bother You Can Slenderise

By Eating Bread & Butter

says ELISABETH ANN

A FEW weeks ago I mentioned the testing of a diet which was simple, inexpensive, and could be followed by *every* woman who was overweight or over average measurement.

With a return to simplicity in dress, in beauty, and in food essentials, this new diet should lead the way.

No diet is offered to readers without being thoroughly tested and tried out.

In this instance, after consulting a specialist and a well-known biologist, four women readers of varying ages and occupations were asked to follow the diet for *only twenty-one days*.

During this period they have given me a record of their reactions as well as weight and measurements before and after the diet.

THE basic principle, the chief food of this latest of slimming diets is bread with butter. Tea, milk and water are included *in* the diet, but are not essentially part of the diet.

The bread and butter should be taken five times daily—two full slices of bread at each meal, with plenty of butter. The bread can be toasted twice a day, if desired. It makes little difference to the reduction.

AT breakfast take half a pint of milk with the bread and butter.

At noon, bread with butter.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, bread with butter, with one cup of tea, which serves as a stimulant. One lump of sugar is allowed in the tea.

At seven o'clock, bread with butter again, with milk or pure tomato juice as preferred.

On retiring, bread with butter.

Between meals drink as much cold water as liked. Fresh butter is suggested, rather than salt.

So, without fuss or bother, without cooking or preparation, you can now slenderise to heart and figure content. The diet costs on an average 6s. 6d. a week, allowing 2s. 6d. for bread, 2s. for butter, and 2s. for milk (or milk as well as tomato juice).

THIS diet can be followed over any period without any sensation of hunger. Readers report there is no suggestion of weakness, lassitude, or nervous energy being burnt up.

I think it may interest many of you who applied for the diet when first I mentioned that tests were being made, to know the details of these readers' reports.

The first reader is a secretary, with trying and very exacting work, she tells me. In her report she shows: Height, 5ft. 6in. Weight at beginning of diet, 10st. 6lb. Measurements: Chest 36in. Hips 40in. Waist 30in. At the end of the twenty-one days' diet her weight is 9st. 10lb. Measurements: Chest 34in. Hips 37in. Waist 27in. She has lost ten pounds during the diet, with a three-inch reduction on her hips and waist. She has experienced no feeling of hunger, and lost all desire for any other type of food.

She is delighted with her skin, which was distinctly acid in condition. It is clearer and smoother.

After her first week (she reports) she felt more mentally alert. At the end of her second she was envying other people's steaks, but not wanting them. She has felt no nervous strain whatever.

THE second reader is a busy young housewife with two children and a very large garden she has to manage almost unaided. Her report shows: Height: 5ft. 4in. Weight at beginning of diet: 11st. 8oz. Measurements: Chest 40in. Hips 42in. Waist 31in. At the end of twenty-one days: Weight: 10st. 4lb. Measurements: Chest 36in. Hips 37½in. Waist 27½in., showing a total loss of ten and a half pounds over the period, with a four and a half inch reduction on the hips.

She managed to fit in mowing two afternoons a week and felt no more than the usual fatigue. She experienced no exhilaration, but at the same time no depression. She was most amazed at the difference in her hip measurement because she has never pretended to exercise. Her smallest daughter made the remark during the first week, wondering why she would not eat anything else, "Why, anyone can eat bread and butter!"

THE third reader has a busy social round which necessitates being out and about in London morning, noon and night. Her report shows: Height: 5ft. 5½in. Weight at beginning of diet: 11st. 8lb. 4oz. Measurements: Chest 38in. Hips 42in. Waist 30in. At the close: Weight 10st. 7lb. Measurements: Chest 36in. Hips 39in. Waist 28in., showing a loss of 1st. 1lb. 4oz. She obviated the difficulty of having meals outside by arranging to have the bread and butter at breakfast, again at eleven-thirty, avoiding lunch engagements.

She had tea at four o'clock with her bread and butter (to the amazement of her friends!), and her nerves were not in the least affected over the period.

THE fourth reader is a woman who has a large family to look after. She has to prepare meals and keep the home in order, and uses up a tremendous amount of physical energy during the day.

In spite of this (it happens so often), she became seriously overweight and could not reduce. Climbing stairs and standing over stoves does not, unfortunately, have a slenderising effect. Her report shows: Height 5ft. 4½in. Weight at beginning of diet: 11st. 12lb. Measurements: Chest 40in. Hips 44in. Waist 40in. And at the end of twenty-one days: Weight: 11st. 1lb. 8oz. Measurements: Chest 38in. Hips 40in. Waist 28in., showing a loss in weight of ten pounds and a half over the three weeks.

She noticed the weight was not much changed during the first four days; then she began to loose it amazingly. And over the period she did some spring cleaning without any longing for other food.

I RECOMMEND this diet because it overcomes one very serious disadvantage. No feeling of hunger is experienced. And it is distinctly pleasant to follow. You are free to take as much water each day as you please, which helps the complexion too, and there is no need to take life more strenuously in order to slenderise.

If you decide to try out this diet, write to me care of "Sunday Dispatch", London, E.C.4, telling me how it affects you personally.

The above article, by Elisabeth Ann, appeared in the "Sunday Dispatch" on Whit Sunday, May 16th, and demonstrates more than ever that BREAD does not fatten and is Nature's greatest energiser.

John changed his mind

LOOK, THAT'S JOHN – HE'S THEIR STAR PLAYER. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU AFTER THE MATCH
OH GOOD! I'VE BEEN DYING TO MEET HIM FOR AGES
PAT'S A REAL 'FAN' FOR YOU. HOW DID YOU LIKE HER
SHE'S JOLLY NICE BUT... WHY DOESN'T SHE DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER SKIN ?
EVEN MY NEW HAT DIDN'T IMPRESS HIM- MY POOR SKIN, I SUPPOSE – I'M GETTING DESPERATE
OH NONSENSE, YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT 'TIRED SKIN' – TRY KNIGHT'S CASTILE
I'VE JUST SEEN JOHN AND HE'S ASKED ME TO THE CLUB BALL
YOU'VE MADE A CONQUEST THERE PAT. IT'S THAT LOVELY COMPLEXION OF YOURS
Knight's Castile
4D PER TABLET

Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

Specially made for the face

KC 200-364 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED — SOAPMAKERS SINCE 1810

It's attractive to have shining eyes. .

but ugly to have shiny nose

Forget you ever had a shiny nose before! Snowfire Powder Cream puts a becoming matt finish on your skin that lasts for hours. Yet it can't clog your pores. Choose this beautifying make-up in Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, or Ivory to suit your skin-colouring exactly — it's very economical.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire POWDER CREAM

Says Former Hayward.

Brew this health-giving drink yourself for less than

ONE PENNY PER PINT

Pleasantly surprise your friends with the rich, full flavour of Mason's. You can safely offer it to all, it is strong yet non-intoxicating, a drink and a beverage. Mason's costs only 9d. a bottle from Grocer or Chemist. Send for sample.

MASON'S Extract of Herbs

COUPON

To REWELL & HIGGS Ltd., Huntingdon. Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gal. of Mason's Nectaric Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

Name & Address in Block Letters .....

Dept. X.

Continuing Unsolved Mysteries

girl a blow between the eyes. She cried with surprise and the pain of the attack. He pressed her in the corner. Seizing the steering-wheel with one hand, and using the hand throttle control, he drove the car some distance like that. His other hand and weight held her down.

The car stopped. Evelyn Foster was bundled over on to the rear seat. The man scrambled upon her, striking again with his fists. She struggled, but he was too strong in his inflamed passion——

The next thing that Evelyn Foster recollected was the car off the road. The man—standing outside—was sprinkling liquid from a bottle all about the inside of the car. A sheet of flame enveloped her. The inside of the car became a furnace. Her clothes were burning. Agony overmastered her.

Blindly she stumbled out, collapsed on the frozen ground, crushed the cruel pain of the burns against ice. She heard a car stop—what sounded like a whistle—and the car drove away. Her assailant was gone.

That, in effect, was the story given in snatches and in answers to questions by Evelyn Foster as she lay dying in her home.

Andrew Fergusson, police constable of Otterburn, seated in the girl's room with notebook on knee, wrote down everything she was able to say. He and a police sergeant occasionally suggested questions that were put to Evelyn gently by her mother.

A doctor, watching by the bedside, observed that she was lucid when she spoke and in full possession of her senses. The girl—in the doctor's view—was unaware of approaching death.

After a while Evelyn Foster could bear no further interrogation. The incalculable shock she was suffering overwhelmed her. She lapsed into coma. Death took place on the morning of January 7.

Now fully apprised of the maltreatment and murder of Evelyn Foster, the police were busy. From county headquarters at Morpeth, from Bellingham and Hexham, police officers concentrated at Otterburn.

Captain Fullerton James, chief constable of Northumberland, directed operations. An extremely capable inspector, named Edward Russell, undertook special enquiries.

Difficulties beset the police. In spite of the most intensive work, no substantial evidential corroboration of Evelyn Foster's personal account of what happened on the night of January 6 could be secured.

Wireless broadcasts and the full machinery of police co-operation throughout the country failed to trace the saloon by which the murderer travelled from somewhere in Scotland to the place at which Evelyn Foster picked him up as a fare.

People who were in Elishaw, at the material time, with a car similar to the one noted by the girl did come forward, but they had carried no passengers from the north, and knew nothing of the man.

The description of the man himself was far too general to be of any help for identification purposes. A number of perfectly inoffensive persons were reported in different parts as "the man from Otterburn."

It was proved beyond all question by expert examination that the fire in Evelyn Foster's car was wilfully caused. Nothing could have brought about an accidental fire. The spare can of petrol carried in the boot was empty. Assumption was that the spirit from it was used to drench the car.

It was also established that the car was deliberately driven, under power and control, off the road and on to the moor.

Unquestionably the car which Evelyn heard stop on the road, while she was lying on the moor suffering and helpless, was the car driven by Walter Smith Beatty. The certainty of that fact was of no assistance.

No person could be found who remembered seeing the stranger who hired Evelyn Foster's car waiting about at Elishaw or at Otterburn while she was obtaining a replenishment of petrol.

There was some evidence, however—although not of a very substantial kind—that Evelyn's car *was seen* being driven north from the village of Belsay and towards Otterburn by a man.

Most disconcerting were the findings of Dr. Stuart MacDonald, eminent pathologist of Durham University, called in as medical adviser by the police.

He could not discover any marks of blows on the girl's face or any signs of violent attack or molestation.

The only injuries were those consequent on severe burning. The severity of the burns and their distribution indicated that the clothing contained some inflammable substance.

Everything the police gathered in their investigation and considered relative was laid before the jury at the inquest held in Otterburn by Coroner P. M. Dodds.

Those proceedings lasted several days. In his summing-up the coroner plainly suggested that the car might have been set on fire by Evelyn Foster herself, and that in this act she received the burns which caused her death.

Reasons indicated for such an act were a possible gain from insurance money or an unaccountable desire for notoriety.

For longer than two hours the jury, of whom the Rev. J. P. B. Brierley, vicar of Otterburn, was a member, deliberated their decision.

All the jurymen knew Evelyn Foster and her family. They knew her character and her honest truthfulness. They considered the evidence before them and the coroner's opinions. They weighed the balance carefully as good men and true in relation to their own views and local knowledge.

And they found, without a single dissenter, that it was a case of:—

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." They declared also that some person wilfully poured petrol over the girl and set her on fire.

Following the inquest, the chief constable of the county made a statement which was published. He expressed the opinion that the verdict was against the weight of evidence.

"We are satisfied," he said, "that the man described by Evelyn Foster does not exist. The jury have left the police with a task which, after the closest investigations for more than three weeks has brought them to a cul-de-sac.

"Yet they must continue their investigations, knowing full well that all hope of ever providing a solution in accordance with the decision of the jury is lost."

It is unusual indeed for a chief constable to be so outspoken.

Six years have elapsed since then. I have sifted and resifted all the available evidence at leisure. The problem still remains: "Was Evelyn Foster murdered?"

To the majority of detached, independent observers the answer is "Yes."

There is nothing at all in the life record of this good, straightforward country girl—either medically or otherwise—to support the idea she concocted that elaborate, detailed story of a chance wayfarer, assault and burning.

On many grounds it is inconceivable that this young woman of twenty-seven fired her own car and received her death injuries accidentally by so doing. And then, racked with pain, as she was lying on her death-bed gave that circumstantial story of the stranger.

Similarly, the idea that the girl wanted the car insurance money has no basis. As I have already stressed, she left property valued at £1,400. She had £500 at call in the bank.

"The police," protested Mr. Joseph Foster, bereaved and indignant father, "defended themselves in a case over which they failed by attacking my dead daughter."

Coroner's jury said: "This is murder." So the files of this amazing mystery remain open in the police records.

Who knows? Some day, perhaps, by confession or the turn of chance, the *murder of Evelyn Foster may be proved.*

(To be continued)

NEXT WEEK:

WHO *murdered Susannah Emberton?*

It is a question to which Scotland Yard is even now endeavouring to answer after a lapse of five years. This crime intimately affected the life of suburban London. It might have happened in any home; to any woman alone in a house. For that reason the murder caused widespread consternation and fear. And the men who killed Susannah Emberton escaped. They are at large to-day.

Who killed her?

Next article in the series of "Unsolved Mysteries" will deal with this murder hunt which is still afoot.

"The Greatest of These . ,"

Bertie

SINCE Bertie's dad was discharged from the Army in 1919, his life has been a series of ups and downs.

At present he is very much "down." He suffers from colitis and has been in several hospitals. His "up" times have been when he was well enough to climb a ladder and carry on as a window cleaner, and so support his wife and three children, the eldest aged five and Bertie the baby. The middle child is now in hospital recovering from an operation.

Unfortunately, owing to illness, he had to sell his ladders and, as he has been working as his own master, he is not eligible for National Health benefit or the dole.

Now that he is better, he can get on his feet again if he can find the money to buy his window cleaning equipment.

"I have had the children in and out of hospital," he told us, "and not being strong myself I have had a lot of worry. My wife is very good and looks after the kiddies well, but I worry about these children, not about myself. If it had not been for my health I should not have needed to turn to anyone for help."

Every donation sent earmarked "Bertie" will provide a rung for his dad's ladders.

These, and donations for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Be Prepared!

You're ready for anything if you've got some Fun Yan in the cupboard! If friends drop in unexpectedly—and you've only got cold meat!—Fun Yan turns it into a jolly good meal! Fun Yan is more than a spicy appetiser—it's specially blended to stimulate the digestive organs, and put people in a happy mood.

Make your own *cream*

for this delicious breakfast food with this

Free Cream-maker!

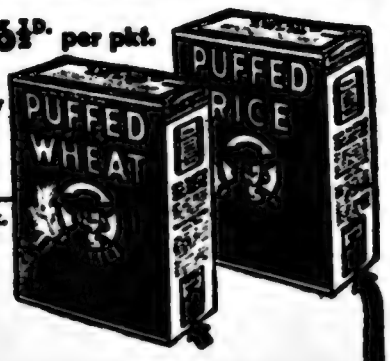
It makes half a pint of cream for only 4d.

Crisp, crunchy, ripe grains of "Puffed" Wheat—they're a sheer delight with milk or with fruit! Yet there is a way in which they are even more delicious than ever—*when they are served with cream!* And now you can make the cream yourself . . . delicious, rich cream—almost as cheap as milk! For the makers of "Puffed" Wheat—and of "Puffed" Rice which is made by the same wonderful process—offer you FREE a unique and efficient cream-maker!

To make cream with this Cereta Cream-maker is simplicity itself. Just mix a little butter with milk by warming. Then add the whole to the cream-maker and pump . . . the result is lovely, perfect rich cream—at about one-fourth of the usual price!

Get it by return!

This wonderful attractively made kitchen aid is yours FREE for 24 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice. *If you would like to receive it immediately send 2 coupons with 2/6d.—this 2/6d. will be refunded when the balance of 22 coupons is received by us.*



6½d. per pkt.

Fill in ORDER FORM *NOW*

OR ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SIMILAR FORM

To Quaker Oats Ltd., Dept. B4, Southall, Middx.

*1 I enclose 2 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets, together with 2/6d. which I understand will be returned to me when I forward the remaining 22 coupons. Please send Cereta Cream-maker immediately.

*2 I enclose 24 coupons cut from the side of "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice packets. Please send me free your Cereta Cream-maker as advertised.

Note.—Quaker Corn Flakes packet tops will also be accepted for this offer.

* Strike out which does not apply.

Name .....

Address .....

All coupons (or packet tops) must be received not later than 31st December, 1937. B.22

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. . . with PALMOLIVE

THE 'QUINS' FIRST AND STILL THEIR ONLY SOAP

Meet five lovely little ladies, each one a charmer. Just look at those Schoolgirl Complexions—and think how they are cared for!

Pure Olive Oil was the first bath they ever knew. Nothing else in the world could be found that was so gentle and soothing in its cleansing for those tender baby skins. And as the "Quins" grew older their skins grew lovelier under the beautifying powers of olive oil. They still bath with olive oil now, but in the way the world uses it — in Palmolive!

3d per tablet

Can YOU do this?

Work like a youngster?

Thousands would give a fortune to have his health. Yet his example is easy to follow! This octogenarian has always obeyed the ninety-year-old Golden Rule of Health—by remembering to take Beechams Pills, to keep his system regular — regular as the clock!

Purely Vegetable *Worth a Guinea a Box*

Yes! —if you keep regular with BEECHAMS PILLS

Proud of her teeth . . .
but she's beginning to
wear them away

Nobody's told her parents that some pastes and powders clean because they're abrasive. In fact there *are* dentifrices so abrasive that dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using. If you use them regularly they're bound to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay.

It's quite simple to tell whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day(or send the coupon belowfor a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer.

It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

F.ee sample tube. *Post this coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbury, Ltd., Dept. J.B.17, Norwich, for a free tube of Odol. This applies to Great Britain and N. Ireland*

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"Where are the Reckitt's BATH CUBES?"

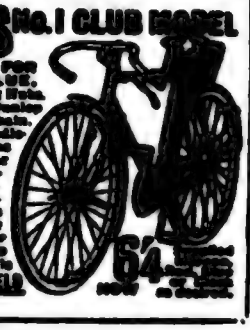
RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL & LONDON

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Frame 19, 21, 23in. Roving Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lester-engraved Ind. Handlebars, Dunlop Endless Rims, Resteel Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Roving Pattern Saddle, 'Hold-all' Rear, Reflector, Lever, carrier, Leather' or Rider's name plate £6-15-0 or £6 6 months' Hire-purchase. Easy Terms. Catalogues Free. Full range of Models.

J. E. GRAVES & Sons, SHEFFIELD



64 Spoke Wheels 5/- extra

now as shown

WORLD'S Worst Jokes

IN Barnsley the other week, the world's worst joker hit on the world's worst joke. Knowing that the Brymbo Colliery disaster of the day before — an explosion which cost twenty-seven brave men their lives—would give credence to his tale, he went into a telephone-box and rang up the Beckett Hospital, Barnsley.

"I am a doctor," he said in the restrained voice of a man with grave news to impart. "There's been a terrible colliery disaster just outside the town. Prepare for twenty-five to thirty cases."

And so, in that hour before midnight when sleep is so important to a sufferer, twenty patients were not only awakened but moved out of their wards to make room for the torn and tortured miners who were expected.

Surgeons, doctors, twelve day nurses who were sleeping after an arduous day's work, were rushed back to duty.

And all the time it was a hoax—a ten-minutes' laugh for some malicious fool with twopence to spend.

It would be a happier world if he were the only one of his contemptible species, but he is not. Consider what happened at Wealdstone, in Middlesex, almost at the same time.

A mysterious individual who, with a series of savage practical jokes, has made life almost unbearable for Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of Canning Road, played his trump card.

A gravestone was put in the front garden—such a frightening climax to her weeks of ordeal that Mrs. Horn is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Hardly a day elapses without some diseased, anti-social brain evolving some such scheme for bringing distress to innocent and well-meaning people. Consider just a few recent cases. . . .

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The telephone-bell rang sharply in a Mayfair millinery shop. The assistant who answered heard a sound of scuffling, and, frightened, handed the receiver to a superior.

There was a sharp report. A faint voice travelled over the wires. "I'm shot," it gasped. A Welbeck exchange number was stammered out. Then silence.

Scotland Yard's Information Room got busy. The Welbeck number was found to be that of Mr. Edward Joseph Duveen, art dealer, and brother to Lord Duveen. Detectives were rushed to his home at Welbeck House.

"We have reason to believe," they told Mrs. Duveen gravely, "that your husband has been shot."

Almost before she had time to realise the significance of the words, the front door opened and her husband strolled in.

You can imagine the effect such a shock would have upon a sick woman. You may be tempted to conclude that the hoaxers are too brainless to possess any imagination.

But it is certain that their minds, however shallow, are more active than ever. Practical jokes of all descriptions are increasing tremendously — some malicious, some heartless, a few amusing, most just mischievous.

The Western Brothers, like Mark Twain, have had to tell the world that reports of their death are "greatly exaggerated." Anguish has been suffered by the relatives of less famous folk in Ashford, Morden, Battersea and Fulham, who were said to have died suddenly.

A Belfast woman makes arrangements by 'phone for her "husband's funeral"; coffins and wreaths are delivered to bewildered householders. In Yorkshire the same annoyance is prevalent, with the addition that masons are being duped by bogus orders for headstones.

Answering a knock at his door the other day, a Worthing man named Robinson was informed that the caller had come to measure him for his coffin. Later a hearse arrived from another undertaker and men lifted a coffin from it.

The hospital official never suspected a hoax

"Often I travel round the country on business," says Mr. Robinson. "If I'd been away when this happened my wife would probably have thought I'd been killed in a car smash."

A doctor in the same town has had a similar experience, which is becoming so common that the Undertakers' Association is trying to devise preventive measures.

In lighter vein was the impudence of Danny Webb, twenty-three-year-old Irishman who, in London for the Coronation, "stole" the microphone and broadcast a commentary on the crowd scenes outside Buckingham Palace.

Young Danny's impersonation, though it imposed upon millions of B.B.C. listeners, and earned headlines in the newspapers, was actually less important than a single one of the scores of false fire alarms made each day.

In London, 1,304 bogus fire calls were received last year. Manchester's Public Enemy No. One is a "Mr. Downey," who summons not only the firemen, but ambulances, doctors and taxis.

Altrincham's brigade has been hoaxed sixteen times within two months.

Many of the culprits, no doubt, are larky lads and—modern girls being Modern Girls—lassies as well. It is hard to believe that a Victorian maid, even had the 'phone been available, would have behaved like the Croydon girl of fourteen who rang up the police to say she didn't need them, spoke in a different voice ten minutes later and greeted the indignant officer with "Hello, funny face!"

Next time she spoke in French (or what the officer thought was French) and kept the line engaged for fifteen minutes. That proved her downfall.

A wireless message was sent out, a patrol car tore through the streets and caught her just as she left the telephone kiosk.

The ebullient youth of the universities, too, still provide jests which are bitter pills for their victims to swallow.

An Oxford meeting was duped a few months ago by a "Senorita Salneron," who delivered a sensational talk on the Spanish situation. Afterwards an undergrad. returned to the platform, wig in hand, to confess that he was the "senorita."

◆

Then, when the University Educational Society issued a sober book, every member who bought it had it stolen from his room. In its place was a stern letter stating that it had been confiscated by the university police and that its owner must appear before the proctors.

Such exploits recall the famous jokes of Mr. de Vere Cole, who, soon after leaving Cambridge, returned disguised as the Sultan of Zanzibar and received a civic reception.

On another occasion, posing as a diplomat escorting two Abyssinian princes, he officially inspected H.M.S. *Dreadnought*; once he and his friend, wearing corduroys, dug up Piccadilly Circus, and then, to the amazement of the police, failed to return from the midday meal.

Much may be forgiven the h which, though dishonest, make laugh at the victim's discomfiture. can almost forgive the effrontery of twelve-year-old whose "poem" was p lished by the Tottenham Educa Committee; neither the education d tor nor the critics spotted that verses were part of a work published 1895 and more lately set to mus Cyril Scott.

"Plainly the expression of the c mind," said one august critic.

◆

But it seems clear that large number of nuisances constantly be reported cannot be ascri to irresponsible young people.

The false report of someone's dea The circulation of a list of goods absurd prices to a tradesman's c tomers. Messages asking a man's re tives to call at a hospital where he supposed to be lying injured.

It is to stop such deliberate malicious follies that the help of public is urgently needed.

The penalties for hoaxing are, on whole, adequate. For using the te phone to wrongful purposes a fine £10 or one month's imprisonment m be imposed. False messages to police may be punished by longer ter in jail.

But without public co-operation difficulties of the police are considera So, if you ever suspect that someone perpetrating a hoax, "tell a policema —and quickly.

Economy

It is economical serve SANDEMA Port and Sherry. and your guests enjoy each glass to last drop. Wineglas never leave the half full if they have tained—SANDEMA

Unrivalled for 147

SANDEMAN

PORT AND SHERR

Love at first *puff*

The taste for some things has to be "acquired." Olives, channel-crossings and even matrimony take some folks quite a time to get used to.

But don't lose any sleep because a fellow tells you "it takes time to get to enjoy a pipe." Here's the way to complete smoking enjoyment from the word "Go!" Just say "Afrikander" to your tobacco man: that one word is your passport to utterly dependable and pleasurable smoking—not for just a day, no for just a week, but *always*.

This is what Afrikander gives you in every packet: fragrant factory freshness: a soothing smoothness which ensures a velvety smoke to the bottom of the old pipe-bowl: a rich, mellow "satisfyingness" which makes the last pipe of the day as big a thrill as the first. What more could you ask in a tobacco . . . regardless of price?

Try an ounce of this *long lasting* joy-smoke. It'll be a case of love at first puff—and a tightening of the bond between you with every pipeful.

Cost: 8d. for an ounce.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

"SACKED! Hard luck, old chap—what's the reason?"

"Economies, the gov'nor said; but why me? I'm as competent as the rest of you, even if I do look older. You and I came here together, you know."
"Perhaps that's it. Firms nowadays like to have a youthful, competent-looking staff."
"That's all very well, but you're fifty as well as me."
"But I don't look it, and you definitely do."
"Well, one can't help being bald."
"That's where you're wrong—one can. If you'd used LANALOL Hair Food, regularly, as I do, it's ten to one you wouldn't have lost your job."

IS YOUR HAIR GETTING THIN?

LANALOL Hair Food is prepared from *live hair glands*, and counteracts in an astonishing manner all weakness of hair growths. Just as surely as good food satisfies and refreshes the hungry body so Lanalol provides nourishment to the scalp and hair roots and corrects such troubles as complete or patchy baldness, dandruff, thin or falling hair. The daily use of this Hair Food results unfailingly in a really beautiful, glossy head of hair.

Ladies will find in Lanalol the perfect tonic. Not only will it GROW HAIR, but it will prove the most efficient wave-set, keeping the hair immaculately dressed throughout a long and busy day.

ALL SEASIDE CHEMISTS STOCK LANALOL

The action of salt water and sea air on your hair is inclined to make it sticky and dull. Lanalol No. 1 applied before bathing is the best precaution, since it prevents the salt from drying the scalp and hair roots, and at the same time retains the natural lustre of the hair.

LARGE BOTTLE **2/6** A Month's Supply

Obtainable in two forms: No. 1 WITH OIL (yellow label). No. 2 WITHOUT OIL (green label). From Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and all good Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies, send P.O. for 2/6 to Lanalol, Ltd., 57-60, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, when a bottle will be sent securely packed per return.

READ THESE REMARKABLE TRIBUTES

A London Doctor (M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.) writes:

"I have used Lanalol Hair Food and find it a very natural tonic for the hair. It has saved me from premature baldness, and I can therefore recommend it with every confidence."

A Worthing Lady writes:

"All the family are now using Lanalol. My husband swears he is getting a new growth on the daily dressing (with oil), and the girls love the spirit one."

A Lancashire Chemist writes:

"Customers are remarking how good Lanalol is, and asking for more."

A Devonshire Lady writes:

"Thank you for the bottle of Lanalol No. 2. I gave the bottle of No. 1 to my brother-in-law, and he is delighted with it and says he will always use it. He informed me that it is the best hair tonic he has ever tried, and he has had a good many."

LANALOL is the perfect daily dressing for Business and Professional Men and Women.

lanalol

OLEUM LANAE

Goes to the root of the trouble

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

"I think Uraco brand tablets are a wonderful remedy. In my own case, which is one of very long standing, they have certainly given me great relief. I mean to go on taking them."—Nurse — (Cert.), Taunton, Som. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Gresser Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

When corns give you gyp

Trust sunshine for making your feet too big for your boots; for making soles tender and toes sore. And summer always brings corns to boiling-point. But there's a way to trick the sun and still enjoy the sunshine. Each night dip your weary feet in warm water which has a little Radox added. That will cool them: soften and soothe the soles, and remove all corns. Read one regular user's letter:—

'I thoroughly recommend people with sore, tired feet to use your wonderful Radox Bath Salts. After the first footbath my feet felt much easier. I could walk much further than usual without my feet feeling heavy and sore. With continual use of these perfumed salts, my corns and hard skin vanished as if by magic, and my feet are now free of all old foot troubles. I still use Radox Bath Salts, and shall continue to do so.' P.R., London, S.16.

Acid is the main cause of tired, sore, corn-covered feet. Acid in every sweat-gland (and there are 3,000 of them to the square inch). When you dip your feet in a Radox footbath oxygen is released. It penetrates every pore, drags out that burning acid, and leaves feet sweet and free. Extra acid is created in warm weather because sweat-glands have extra work. Therefore, give your feet a daily Radox dip to keep them fresh and corn-free.

Get a packet of Radox at your chemist's on the way home. 1 6d. 10-oz. Pink Packet. 2 6d. double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

They need this Daily Dip

RADOX

STOP THAT

AGONY after Eating

'I have had digestive troubles for the last four years, suffering from pain and discomfort after meals, specially dinner. I have tried many remedies in an attempt to get relief, but with poor results, and when I saw your offer of a free sample of Digestif Rennie, I thought I would give it a try. The results from it were nothing less than wonderful. After the first dose I felt relief, and after using Rennies for a week, I was a different man—pain and discomfort had gone, and I could enjoy my dinner, a thing I could not do before I discovered Digestif Rennie.' J. H. A., Durham.

There are 15 ingredients in Digestif Rennie. They conquer the acid in your stomach. They mop up the stomach gas. They digest your food. Dissolving without water, they enter the stomach undiluted. Pain goes. Indigestion is no more. Rennie Tablets are pleasanter—they taste like sweets. They are more convenient—you carry as many as you'll need. Each is wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtainable from any chemist. Get some to-day and say a sweet goodbye to indigestion. Trial size 6d. Family size 1s. 9d.

SUCK TWO

Rennies

after meals and feel fine

● **Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 512,823, Mr. Norman Jackson, 38, Parkgate Avenue, Strandtown, Belfast, N. Ireland**

Fingers of DESTINY

IT is always being said that truth is stranger than fiction. In my story there are certain aspects which bear this out. But there are many people who can vouch for its authenticity.

It starts in 1917. I was in France, waiting to move up to the front line of trenches. With me was a pal, Peter Moore. One warm summer evening we went to an exhibition of marksmanship at a near-by improvised rifle range.

A few minutes after our arrival we were both attracted to a tall, broad-shouldered, blonde Englishman. The speed and accuracy which he exemplified were simply amazing. In fact, I have never seen it equalled before or since.

Apart from his excellent shooting, he seemed to be a jolly good fellow in himself. I liked his keen blue eyes in which was manifested a devil-may-care twinkle. He was the sort of man you never forget, even though you never meet to be introduced.

When I returned to camp I learned that this fellow was known as Wally, and was considered to be one of the best snipers in the British Forces.

◆ ◆ ◆

A WEEK later, in the firing line, Peter and I saw Wally again. He had been shot by an enemy sniper, and was lying wounded about a hundred yards from our trench.

Without consulting me, Peter climbed over the top and, despite the heavy gunfire, crawled over the rough land.

How he dragged the heavy body of the Englishman to safety without being hit is a miracle. Although Peter's display of heroism was one of the best I ever witnessed, he was not officially rewarded for it. The best he got was a recommendation for a D.C.M.

However, when Wally was better he made a point of meeting the man who had saved him from certain death, and from that time onward they became close friends.

After the war Peter and I returned to Ireland to take up the threads of our civilian life again. For three years nothing very eventful happened to either of us. Meanwhile, Wally had ceased to correspond with Peter.

In 1921, when the Irish rebellion was at its height, Peter and I indiscreetly joined an unlawful organisation which had been formed for the purpose of defending the principles of the Irish Loyalists. Our reason for doing so was due to provocation on the part of the rebels. They had played hell with innocent subjects.

Our organisation was splendid, but we were experiencing difficulty in obtaining arms and ammunition. To get these we would periodically make raids on the rebels' dump.

Soon after we joined Peter and I were designated to go on one of these raids. The night we set out was bitterly cold. Our objective was an old warehouse situated in a narrow cobblestone street.

At the rear of the warehouse was a large yard that had once been used to store bricks. Most of the buildings in the locality were unoccupied.

As a matter of fact, the nearest human habitation was over 400 yards away.

Peter went with the others to the warehouse, while I was sent to take up a position on the parapet of an old building just outside. My job was to distract passers-by.

No sooner had our men entered the warehouse than a Crossley tender filled with Government troops entered the street.

By the leisurely way it was being driven, together with the jolly demeanour of the men inside, I inferred that they were returning to barracks, and were unaware of what was going on in the warehouse.

It was just as the Crossley had passed me that I was startled by the sound of a terrific explosion in the warehouse. It came to me then that the rebels had fired the ammunition rather than surrender it.

Looking swiftly to my right, I saw that the tender had stopped below the warehouse. Then I saw something that made me blink. For a moment I could not believe my eyes, for there in the tender, wearing a dark glengarry, I saw the blonde giant Wally.

Meanwhile, the warehouse had burst into flames and clouds of thick black smoke belched into the dark sky. Soon the whole neighbourhood was lit up.

With a rapidly beating heart I watched my comrades flee from the building. They ran frantically in all directions. In a moment the soldiers were in action. The driver of the tender put it in reverse.

Its engine roared. The rifles of the soldiers barked ominously in the night. I watched it all in a state of perspiration.

◆ ◆ ◆

WHAT terrified me most, though, was the absence of my friend Peter. What had happened to him? Had he been blown up, or was he trapped in the blazing building? These questions swam in my dizzy mind.

For a moment I did not know what to do for the best. Then it occurred to me that I must save my friend. But just as I was about to get down from the parapet, I was overjoyed to see him emerge from the inferno.

The rifle spat out its dea bullet

In the red glow of the saw him stagger and cou a desperate effort to c lungs of smoke. It seem me that he was dazed unaware that the Govern troops were in the street.

When he had gone a few ya paused and looked about him. meantime Wally had spotted him. a hoarse voice called out for Pe surrender.

With his eyes filled with be ment, Peter looked up at the was obvious to me that he rea the first time his position, and debating whether he should run give himself up.

In my heart I prayed that he do the sensible thing and surr But his mind was obviously be for he made a dash across the ro

I was terrified to see his friend raise his rifle to his shoulder. plain that he had not recognise In a split second the rifle spat deadly bullet.

I saw Peter fall straight to the gr As he did so I found myself cry A second later he was on his fee

Swaying and staggering, he mad a safe retreat. He spluttered and his life's blood in the road. Then a dying flower, he sunk on his knee slowly rolled over into the g There was no doubt what had happ —he was dead.

Poor Peter. When I think of the of it all I find tears filling my *To think that of all the men who have killed him, it had to be th whose life he had saved so heroic France!*

For years I never learned wh Wally knew that he had kille friend.

After the explosion I had to le When the trouble had blown o made enquiries for Wally's where He had, I learned, left for Engla tried to trace him in London wi success.

◆ ◆ ◆

SOME months later a friend of who had seen Wally in Londo me that he had gone to Austra

Years passed. The memory of awful tragedy remained with me. came the news that Wally had di friend conveyed this to me.

He was said to have died af lingering illness. As far as I ascertain, he never knew he had Peter Moore.

Perhaps it was just as well he di know. At all events, this tragic cidence is one more piece of evi that proves that fact is indeed str than fiction.

The irony of life is seldom exemp like it was in the drama I have re above. That is why some real dramas are hard to believe.

I have avoided using Wally's name because I have no desire to his relatives who might be alive unnecessary pain or suffering.

KEEP YOU TEETH CLEAN with EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE

Its delightful "tang" makes it such a pleasure to use. Send for a free sample to Dept. 67/106, Euthymol House, 80, Beak Street, W.1, then buy a large 1s. 3d. tube from your chemist.

£2 FOR DIPL LIMER L

1ST PR
2ND PR
3RD PR
4TH PR
5TH PR

A lovely young Learn Crashed into the back The driver said thin About May growing

CONDITIO

The Proprietors of 'Diploma first prize of £10 and oth for what they consider the be Limerick. Write your last line the coloured label from a pa Cantona Cheese (either Ch Dunlop). Send as many attemp may all be on one sheet, but f bottom a label. The Lines w competent staff of adjudicator Director's decision is final a Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12 DAIRIES LTD., TROWB

Closing Date: Entries must re Friday, July 30, 1937. A list to every competit

Some rhymes that w

Eh, bay, day, gay, hay, jay, l ay, clay, flay, fray, grey, sleigh, pray, stray, sway, tr obey, delay, dismay, obe

DIPLO

The ENGLISH CHEESE CH

Cheddar or C 6d. and 1/- p

A Useful CREAM-MAKER

It makes half of Cream for c

Cut out and save the Special Coupon on p.25.

THIS W... made ... Yours FREE Pulled ... Slice, ... Remove ... Compare ... Perfect ... Please ... this offer! ... yourself ... Compare ... save the ... for your ...

D 402A

£20 FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICK LINES

1ST PRIZE £10
2ND PRIZE £5
3RD PRIZE £3
4TH PRIZE £1
5TH PRIZE £1

A lovely young Learner named May
Crashed into the back of a dray;
The driver said things
About May growing wings

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer first prize of £10 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Blue). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12) WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, July 30, 1937. A list of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

Some rhymes that will help you:
Ah, bay, day, gay, hay, jay, lay, may, nay, pay, ray, clay, flay, fray, grey, play, pray, slay, skirt, pray, stray, sway, trait, weigh, affray, astray, delay, dismay, obey, portray, relay,

DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS **CHEESE**

Cheddar or Cheshire
6d. and 1/- per box

A Useful CREAM-MAKER FREE!

It makes half a pint of Cream for only 4d.

Cut out and save the Special Coupon on p.25.

THIS Wonderful attractively made efficient Cream-maker is yours FREE for 24 Coupons from "Pulled" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice, but if you would like to receive it immediately send only 2 Coupons with 2 6—this 2 6 will be refunded when the balance of 22 Coupons is received. Note! Packets from Quaker Oats or Puffins will also be accepted for this offer! If you want to give yourself a treat, accept this unique offer now—Cut out and save the special Coupon on p. 25 for your immediate or future use.

The Cereal that talks to MILLIONS—

Kiddies are always delighted by Kellogg's Rice Krispies. So delicious and so amusing! The golden-brown bubbles of rice "snap, crackle and pop" in cold milk or cream!

How that fascinates the children! Little spoons are brought into action and the kiddies have a regal feast—of crisp, crunchy health. Grown-ups like them, too! Kellogg's Rice Krispies are splendid for breakfast or lunch. They're so digestible they're excellent for supper.

No cooking or fuss. Always crisp and oven-fresh in the WAXTITE inner bag. Get a packet of Rice Krispies from your grocer to-day. 7½d per packet.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

So Crisp They Crackle in Cream 631

Your Cocktail Party for 3/6

Odds On — the cocktail with the winning flavour, is the life of every party. Sold in attractive screw-capped bottles at 3/6.

GILBEY'S "ODDS ON" COCKTAIL

Per bottle 3/6

'Men Still Prefer NATURAL LIGHT BLONDES to Brown Blondes!'

says J. H. Mendes, famous film director

BROWNISH and MOUSY coloured hair becomes 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER—*Naturally in One Shampoo, Without Injurious Dyeing*

Naturally light blondes are far more attractive and alluring than brown or mousy blondes. Now simply by washing your hair with Sta-blond, the wonderful new shampoo treatment, your hair becomes naturally 2-4 *shades lighter*, acquiring that fascinating golden colour—the secret of the true blonde's sex appeal—without dyes, henna, camomile, or injurious bleaches.

The new secret formula of Sta-blond has all the advantages of soap and soapless shampoos without the disadvantages of either. It brings back to brownish, darkened, blond hair, the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents light blond hair from darkening, and makes perms last longer. Simply splendid for children. Over 4 million users throughout the World.

Try it today and if it is not the most wonderful thing you have ever used, ask for your money back.

Known abroad as Nurblond and Blondex. Be sure and buy it today. Obtainable everywhere.

STA-BLOND

A GRAND TONIC — Restores Youthful VIGOUR

NATURE'S GIFT to Men and Women...

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

. . . PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to both men and women, thereby prolonging the JOY OF LIFE.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . Not a Patent Medicine.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING...

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

TRAVEL Sickness

SONGO (Capsules) prevents Sea-sickness, Motor, Air or Rail sickness; is NEVER Pale; 1/3 and 3/6. Chemists or Post Free Vendors Ltd., 100 Pitt St., Glasgow.

Get **SONGO**

4 LARGE CORNS removed from dancer's feet after 9 Years agony!!

READ THIS LETTER

"IT is with gratitude for the great benefit I have derived from using 'Reudel' Bath Salts that I write this testimonial.

I am a dancer and the hard work on my feet my profession necessitates caused to grow on my toes four large and very painful corns which gave me agony when dancing and greatly handicapped me in my work.

I have had these corns for nine years, and have tried during this period, nearly every other remedy to cure them, without success, but I am now pleased to say that by the daily use of 'Reudel' Bath Salts for a fortnight, I was able to easily remove the corns which have completely disappeared and my feet are now in perfect condition." Miss I.M.W., Manchester.

Don't suffer with those feet another day — don't endure the agony of those corns any longer — just get 'Reudel' Salts from your chemist and prepare a magical 'Reudel' foot-bath, supercharged with oxygen and special corn-loosening salts. Instantly pain goes — feet are soothed — corns stop aching . . . soon come out altogether. No corn is too obstinate for 'Reudel' Salts — the unequalled treatment for all foot troubles.

REUDEL
(PRONOUNCED ROO-DEL)
Bath SALTS
ONLY IN YELLOW PACKETS
1/6 (10 ozs.)

I will say!
"THIS BIOCEL SKIN FOOD IS MARVELLOUS"

My doctor told me that Biocel in this particular skinfood is obtained from carefully selected young animals. It goes down deep into the skin and supplies it with the very nourishment it needs to make it firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great Vienna University Professor. It is now combined with Crème Tokalon (rose colour) in just the right proportions to nourish the skin tissues. Use this crème at night and use Crème Tokalon white colour, in the morning. In three days it will put you on the road to get rid of your complexion blemishes and flabby sagging facial muscles. In tests made at the University of Vienna Hospital by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women from 55 to 72 years of age, wrinkles disappeared in six weeks' time.

Most people enjoy reading; but millions never avail themselves of our library services

Service on the SHELF

A FAMOUS lending library, which during more than ninety years' service enjoyed the distinction of being "almost a national institution," has now closed its doors.

What the causes of its failure might have been do not matter here. But it is interesting to reflect that there are thirty-nine million people who never make use of the twelve hundred public libraries in Great Britain.

Maybe you number yourself among them. If you do—why?

Is it because your local library is a dowdy, drab and uninviting building, because the books are dirty, because the assistants are disobliging, because they've never got what you want, or just because books don't interest you?

Whatever the reason, it is one that ought not to exist.

Municipal libraries are a precious institution for which reformers had to fight grimly and for which they are still fighting. To many people they offer the only chance of escaping from the depressing realities of a drab existence. To many others they provide the only key to a door into a fuller life or the first step to a successful career.

If any proof were necessary that the public library fulfils a definite need it can be found in the fact that every period of economic depression shows a steep rise in the number of borrowers, and when prosperity returns the drop in figures is very slight.

Since 1909 the number of issues of books from public libraries has increased from sixty millions to more than two hundred millions.

The fact remains, however, that the public libraries still attract far too few borrowers. In a country where illiteracy is practically non-existent there is something wrong when only 15 per cent. of the population take advantage of an important social service for which every householder pays. That is the position in Great Britain to-day.

◆ For a population of 46,153,303 there are 26,775,894 volumes on the shelves of the public libraries. That represents fifty-eight books per hundred people. The total number of issues of these books is 207,982,342, and the number of borrowers is only seven millions for the whole of Great Britain and Ireland.

When you consider that three times that number of people pay to go to the kinema every week you will realise how low this figure is.

The reason is to be found in the libraries themselves, in their inadequate and often dirty stock of books and the unattractive institution-like buildings wherein they are usually housed. And the cause of these conditions is lack of funds.

Less than £2,500,000 is spent on library services, and of this paltry sum only a small fraction, about 15 per cent., is devoted to the purchase of books.

The average annual expenditure per head on libraries throughout Great Britain is 1s. 1d. The average for towns is 1s. 5d., and for counties 4d. per head per year, remember.

To grasp the significance of these figures you must know that an authoritative estimate of the minimum expenditure necessary to maintain an adequate library service is 2s. 6d. per head. The number of municipal authorities allocating this amount can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

◆ The public libraries are the Cinderella service of local government. Both financially and administratively they come a bad last. Library business invariably comes at the very bottom of the council's agenda. Their attitude towards expenditure on it is "How little can we get away with" rather than "How much can we afford," and the library staff are frequently paid less than the dustmen.

The activities of a public library are controlled by a Library Committee. It decides what the librarian may or may not buy, how much, if anything, he may spend, and how much he and his staff shall be paid. Invested with full powers of censorship, it decides what the ratepayer may or may not read.

Now who are the people usually chosen to sit on this Library Committee? Are they people specially interested in books, specially qualified to discriminate in the choice of acquisitions or to assess the value of a librarian's work? When they are, the librarian is a very fortunate man.

Alas, there are very few fortunate librarians!

In point of fact, library committees are usually composed of councillors whom their colleagues consider to be too dumb to be worth a place on any of the "important" committees.

There are some notable exceptions, of course, but it requires no effort of imagination to understand what happens when a few "Colonel Blimps" get their addled heads together. Practically nothing happens.

One of the speakers at the Library Association Conference this month said: "There are local government areas in London and its suburbs whose outlook on the library service has not changed since 1900."

Outspoken criticism on the same lines was levelled by speakers from all over Great Britain.

◆ At the big "Standards" Conference of the Association two years ago, Mr. R. J. Gordon, City Librarian of Leeds, one of the few provincial towns fortunate in possessing a progressive council, said: "Almost without exception the income for the needs of our services to the community is definitely inadequate. Book funds are notoriously far too low, so, too, are our allocations for rebinding. Salaries are improving, though by no means fast enough. There are still many authorities who do not admit the library staff to the ordinary municipal grade."

What is the root cause of what this speaker describes as an "indefensible injustice"? Is it shortage of public funds? Or unwillingness on the part of local authorities to devote a reasonable proportion of them to this service?

One thing is certain—it is not in the wealthy but the poor boroughs, usually under Labour administration, that we find the most money spent on this service, and with few exceptions it is in poor districts that we find the finest libraries.

A librarian's job, if he is conscientious, is a trying one. In most boroughs he has to fight his committee for everything. And he has frequently to resist attempts at censorship from within and without.

The "Blimps" of this world cannot bear the thought that people should read books containing political views other than their own. And besides those with a political squint there are the inhuman spinsters who prowl about the shelves picking out books that appear vaguely suggestive, and having devoured them return them with cries of scandal.

Librarians have to put up with this sort of thing every day. And what is their reward? Often less than a [illegible] grade clerk.

Fortunately, the Library Association, realising the need for go-ahead, well-educated young men in the library service, is making efforts to improve conditions. We hope they succeed.

It is particularly the new housing estates, where the need of a good library is greatest, that are the worst served. Usually the very last "amenity" to be provided, if ever, is a public library.

◆ But a new era in the public library movement is beginning. There is a growing feeling that libraries should not be tied to the see-saw of local politics and should be independent of what Mr. Gordon describes as that "pernicious system" by which members of the council are elected to serve on the Library Committee regardless of their personal wishes and interests."

The time is fast approaching when the public library will cease to be a municipal affair and will come under Government control, with Government subsidy.

Meanwhile much is being done by the Library Association to bring libraries up to modern standards, and plans are being made to use publicity to attract people to them.

If your library is uninviting and badly stocked it means that it is being starved of funds. The fault lies not with the library staff but with your local council. And the remedy is in your hands. Don't forget—you pay.

THIS WILL ROUSE YOUR LIVER—

And Make You Feel Like a Million Dollars

Here is the quickest, also the most [illegible] way to put an end to bad breath, [illegible] the mouth, pimples and spots, dull [illegible] dizzy spells, biliousness, rings round [illegible] poor appetite, drowsiness, depression, [illegible] constipation, rheumatism, and other [illegible] of a sluggish, disordered liver.

Go to your chemist to-day and get [illegible] liver tonic—ask for WEX (fizzy fruit [illegible] in separate envelope doses: six for [illegible] start at once to get your liver bile flowing. The bile is the body's great natural [illegible] sweeps out the impurities which are [illegible] the system, making you feel fat-witted [illegible] you the mopes. After the first three [illegible] will be amazed at the zip WEX puts into you. Stomach and intestines are cleansed and sweetened, your kidneys function better, appetite comes back, eyes brighten, lost pep returns. You feel like a million dollars. Be sure to ask for WEX—in convenient envelope doses, six for 7½d. Or in 1/6d. and 2/6d. bottles. From any chemist.

QUICK HELP FOR THIN BATHERS!

Make This Famous 10 Day Test..!

That Has Shown Thousands How to Build Up New Red Blooded Strength—New Energy and ADD EXTRA POUNDS—or No Cost!

Don't be discouraged if you are weak, skinny, tired out, sickly—unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat. Doctors now know that the fault is not with the amount of food you eat. Your daily diet may contain enough potential nourishment of many kinds, but unless it contains the essential Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine—your system is unable to extract full nourishment from the food you eat. The result is you are eating enough good food to satisfy your appetite and still not able to gain weight or strength. You not only remain skinny—but you often suffer from rheumatism, goitre, malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation or gastritis.

In "VIKELP," the amazing mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean, you get all the 12 Minerals, so essential to the normal chemical processes of the body—such as assimilable iron, copper, manganese, calcium, phosphorus, potassium and magnesium, etc., in their naturally occurring form. Each contributes to the supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Added to this, "VIKELP" contains all the six vitally important Vitamins A, B1, B2, C, D and E, as well as natural Iodine (not to be confused with ordinary liquid chemical Iodine). All these are absolutely essential to the proper functioning of the glands, liver and blood. Only in "VIKELP" and in no other food or medicine will you find ALL these substances in their natural state—*without drugs*.

MAKE THIS SIMPLE NO-COST TEST

Even if you are skinny, weak, rundown, nervous, can't sleep and if even the best foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try "VIKELP" Tablets for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and add extra pounds of good solid flesh the first 10 days, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. "VIKELP" costs but little. Obtainable everywhere.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 56-page book on How to Add Body Quality, Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Essential Constituents of Food and their effects on the human body. Facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JB 7/4, 21 Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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VIKELP

HEALTH and BODY BUILDING TABLETS

Thousands Who Have Made This 10 Days Test Find "Vikelp"...

1. Improves Appetite.
2. Adds extra pounds of good solid flesh.
3. Improves digestion.
4. Brings sounder sleep.
5. Banishes ordinary deficiency ailments such as gastritis, rheumatism and constipation.
6. Gives new strength, energy and endurance.
7. Clears up skin.

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "John Bull"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 35.

CYSTITIS

Inflammation of the Bladder

JUST as one can have catarrh of the nose so can one have catarrh of the bladder. But, owing to its catarrhal condition, there is in the case of the latter organ a great desire to pass water, and sometimes an inability to do so and also pain.

This chronic catarrhal condition does not, as a rule, compel you to seek your bed; but there is always the possibility it may do so if you catch a fresh chill or complications arise OR IF YOU ALLOW THE URINE TO REMAIN IN AN UNHEALTHY AND OFFENSIVE CONDITION.

A short course of Cystopurin (sis-too-pew-rin) Tablets for a fortnight or so will remove the distressing symptoms and may ward off more serious mischief.

"*I also prescribe Cystopurin in cases of Cystitis and bladder affections, and patients usually experience considerable relief from their symptoms.*"—A YORKSHIRE DOCTOR.

"*I am pleased to say that the Cystitis has practically cleared up and I have no trouble, but I am taking one tablet of Cystopurin per diem, so that I may be sure of the cure.*"—M.B., C.M.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 2/- and 5/- and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free leaflet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.35

CYSTOPURIN Ltd., [illegible]

CYSTOPURIN

MEDICAL DREAM REALISED . . .

For generations Doctors all over the World have realised that if it were possible to administer SULPHUR in a form that the body would accept there would be an end to all skin suffering. Now this great page of Medical History has been turned and it has been given to the celebrated German Chemist, Ignatz Mrochem, through a lifetime's research and endeavour to discover the first soluble, assimilable form of Sulphur ever known.

THE INSTITUTE BRESLAU, where the amazing therapeutic effects of Ignatz Mrochem's discovery were tested in co-operation with leading medical specialists of the University.

Great German Chemist's Epic

SKIN DISEASE DISCOVERY

The name of **Ignatz Mrochem**, *whose photograph is published above, will be linked with one of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century.*

TREATMENT HAS BEEN A BLESSING

". . . Your Treatment has been a blessing. I can do all my own work, and my hands are wonderful. I really thought I should have lost one of my fingers had I not seen your advertisement. I am better in health and my body is building up fine. My blessing is on you. I am willing to show anyone my hands now."—Mrs. L. J., Bury.

NOTHING BUT PRAISE

"The results of the Treatment are excellent considering the awkward position in which I have been afflicted, where the skin expands and contracts so easily. I have nothing but praise for your Treatment. The skin is quite whole now."—Mr. A. J. B., Weymouth.

FREE OF DREADFUL COMPLAINT

". . . I am thankful to say it (the Eczema) has not returned and I feel very fit myself. I can scarcely believe yet that I am free of the dreadful complaint, but trust that it is gone for good. I cannot say how grateful I am for the relief, or how I can thank you, but, believe me, I am more grateful than I can put into words. I shall recommend it wherever I can."—Miss M. W., Manchester.

BEEN TO DOCTORS WITHOUT RESULTS

"I am writing to thank you ever so much for what you have done for me in helping the skin trouble I have had for so many years. I may state I have had Doctors treating the complaint and I have tried so many more cures without results. . . . I think your Treatment wonderful."—Mr. C. J. R. S., Ayrshire.

A COMPLETE CURE

"About a fortnight ago I finished . . . your Treatment for Eczema, and I am delighted to say it has all disappeared, there is not a trace to be seen.

"As you noted my case there is no need for me to go into details. If my condition remains as it is (and please God, it will) it is a complete cure. As I promised, we shall make it known in the Hospitals of our Institute and through our priests who work among all classes of people.

". . . May God bless your work with great success."—C. S., Guildford.

WORTH ALL THE ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD

". . . I think every doctor and Hospital should use your remedy, then it would stop all suffering and worry from this kind of disease. To think that after a month my trouble has gone after trying nearly all the remedies on the market.

"I shall not fail to advise all sufferers I meet to write to you, as I think it is worth all the praise and advertising in the world." W. W., Romford.

Results so spectacular that in many cases there can actually be seen a *DAY BY DAY IMPROVEMENT*

Doctors have always predicted outstanding results if genuine *sulphur assimilation* could be achieved—their knowledge and experience have taught them what to expect—but the amazing success of this

FIRST SOLUBLE ASSIMILABLE SULPHUR TREATMENT

for skin diseases has literally staggered all medical expectation. The effect is so certain and the clearing so swift, that the Chemist-Inventor is confidently able to offer the most emphatic guarantee to all Skin Sufferers of all ages and sex irrespective of whether the troubles are functional or of years' standing, whether caused by contagion, blood impurity or the after-effects of other illness. To sufferers who write to-day he is prepared to undertake that—

By AUG 12 the end of YOUR SKIN TROUBLE shall be in sight or TREATMENT IS FREE

THIS is a guarantee solemnly undertaken and meaning exactly what it says—that within fourteen days from now (longer only if you delay your reply) you shall have received more than encouragement, more than hope, but definite proof that the end of your skin trouble is **in sight at last**, or all the treatment you have received till then shall cost you nothing. It is made possible by this amazing fact—**that in thousands of cases where every known treatment had been tried without success SIBSUL Brand Assimilable Digestible Sulphur has achieved a lasting clearance so swift and so complete that even medical men have been astonished.**

Strong words these to sufferers who have endured their afflictions ceaselessly through months and even years, and almost beyond belief to those who have tried, with dogged patience, every reputable specific, with still no lasting relief. Yet the facts are there, this great discovery has been made, and the testimony is overwhelming. Spare a moment to read a few of the amazing letters taken at random from the unsolicited praise received from great hospitals, from clinics, specialists, and private folk who have suffered, perhaps, even more than you.

Never before has your body been able to avail itself more than infinitesimally of the great cleansing, purifying and healing action of sulphur. Even if it were possible for you to eat a hundredweight of this precious mineral, **less than a saltspoonful would be absorbed.** Till now in the various sulphur preparations known to medical science, and even in the world-famous hot sulphur springs, you have seen but a glimpse of its power.

But now deep down through the skin, and internally through the blood-stream, you can bring this great agent to work, at last harnessed to human need. It sweeps completely away the **internal disorders** of which skin troubles are only the outward manifestation, and impregnates the true skin cells with its anti-parasitic properties.

Every question that arises in your mind now is answered clearly and fully in a remarkable thirty-six page book entitled "*The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good.*" Its message is as revolutionary as the discovery it describes, and as practical as the results SIBSUL has achieved. It contains information of the greatest importance for every skin sufferer, skin hospital and skin specialist. A free copy of the first edition to be published in this country will be sent to all who fill in the Application Form below.

If you suffer from :

ECZEMA, PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (*Urticaria*)
BARBER'S RASH (*Sycosis*)
IMPETIGO
DERMATITIS
ACNE
PIMPLES AND BOILS

Post this NOW

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD., Adam House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet "*The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good*," with full details of your guarantee that my skin trouble shall be clearing for good by August 12, 1937.

Name .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage, it will be appreciated, but this is not essential. "John Bull," 24/7/37.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you have kidney trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. Sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked after weakening illness, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

So you must realise that to get relief you must take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. A medicine that will reduce the inflammation in the kidneys themselves—one that will tone up those weak organs and enable them once again to do their purifying work.

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills, which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The uric acid deposits which cause the pain in muscles and joints will be dissolved and cast out of the body.

The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

DeWITTS 1/3 3/- 5/-
KIDNEY & BLADDER **PILLS**

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal, external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

Human Documents by Philip Inman

The Reluctant LOVER

"Should I discontinue the friendship and make things easier for those two?"

IT is said that in love affairs the times have changed. Listen to these words spoken the other day by Dr. Drummond Shiels. "It is not unmaidenly for a modern girl to help a shy man to make up his mind."

It may not be unmaidenly, but would the shy man speak his mind in the way the girl desires? Here is one case where that advice was taken, but it did not work out in the way intended. This girl says:—

I have had several heartbreaking experiences and each time I tell myself that I will be wiser next time, but——. There is a young man living here of whom I am very fond and I believe he was fond of me, but was too shy to let me know his feelings, though I have seen him flirt with other girls. Rather than let the uncertainty go on, I took "the bull by the horns."

I was asked to a party which I knew would finish late and it happened that on this day I had to go on business to the office where "*he*" works alone. I mentioned casually that I was going to the party and asked if he would like to see me home.

He told me that he was already engaged for that evening and I couldn't help but say, "What, with another girl?" He seemed rather agitated and then said, "Can't a fellow do what he likes?" I was stunned. I did not go to the party, but cried myself to sleep. A few days later I had to go to his office again and I just asked for what I wanted, which he handed to me, and after thanks on both sides I walked out.

Still, as my heart ached for him, I tried something else. I contrived to drop a little packet with my name on it in his office, which he must have picked up. Then when I met him with some other friends I said that I had lost it and enquired if they had heard of anyone finding it. They all said "No." The contents are of no use to him and I wonder if he secretly cares for me and is clinging to it as a little souvenir. Oh! why are men so hard to understand? Why don't they tell a girl straight out?

In answer to that last question, I think this young man has already told her "straight out." And I, too, will tell her exactly what I think. The normal man hates to be chased by a girl.

Right through the pages of history he has set the running, and neither Dr. Drummond Shiels nor anybody else can alter that fact. "Man is the hunter," says Tennyson, "woman is his game." Now my correspondent has reversed that process. "I believe he was fond of me," she says. He seems to have given little evidence of that fact.

To her suggestion that he should see her home from that party he gave her a pretty nasty snub. "Mind your own business," he said in effect. And in other ways he has not encouraged the friendship. "But he is shy," argues this girl. Not too shy, apparently, to flirt with other girls.

Now, as my readers know, I never neglect to give sympathy where it is due. Nor do I hesitate to do a little straight speaking when it is necessary.

And so to this girl I say, Don't be a fool. You have told the young man quite plainly that you delight in his company. Let it go at that. If he cares for you he will seek you out. If he does not, then don't, for heaven's sake, pester him with your unwelcome attentions. It will only lower you in his eyes and in the estimation of his friends.

"Are some people born to be old maids?" asks my next correspondent. "If so, I think I must be one of them." Her letter continues:—

I am a shy, unattractive woman of thirty-three, and yet I have known less attractive women make a huge success of life and marriage. I have had no lack of admirers. In fact, I have managed to interest the most eligible and elusive bachelors in my little world. But having interested them to the point of "walking out together," they then cool off and gradually fade away. After quite a number of these affairs, I decided at the age of thirty-two to remain an old maid gracefully.

But then *he* came, the man I had subconsciously waited for all my life. Desperately I prayed that I should keep him, and with his first kiss all the loneliness and repression of years seemed to be swept away. I can only say that I worshipped him and I never found speech very easy. In my eagerness to express my affection for him I made the greatest mistake of my life.

I allowed my passion to overwhelm me. I kissed him with—what is the word—abandonment, unrestrainedly. Imagine my surpr'se when he was disgusted. I meant no wrong. I only loved him. Now he looks at me as though I were a creepy-crawly thing. So what little confidence I had is gone and now I can only look forward to an old age with a cottage, a crinoline and a cat.

Over-keenness—there you have it again. This girl showed her affection in too marked a manner. But now that the man treats her in such a slighting way, her best course is to ignore him. As to losing those other friendships, I wonder if she is inclined to belittle herself. Men often take a woman at her own valuation.

She calls herself "shy and unattractive." But I am sure she has other attractions. I detect in her letter a vein of humour. And although she says that she never finds speech easy, yet she expresses herself very well on paper. I would say to her, Don't magnify your bad points, but make the best of your good ones.

Another suggestion. Can she take into her confidence some friend (preferably a male) and ask him where in his opinion she fails to retain those friendships? The onlooker, it is said, sees most of the game, and though a candid opinion is not always palatable, it is far better to know the truth than to lose the chance of happiness through wilful blindness. This girl, at her age, should certainly not despair of meeting the right man. I hope she will dismiss from her mind for a long time the thought of "a cottage, a crinoline and a cat."

The troubles of people in love are not confined to the so-called weaker sex. Here is a letter from a young man:—

A few months ago, he says, I became very friendly with a girl who works in the same office. Shortly afterwards she told me of a man with whom she had been friendly since her childhood and who had several times proposed to h... She told me that she had refused t... engaged to him as she was not absolu... sure of herself.

But she warned me not to let my... become too fond of her. I am afr... however, that her words are in vain... I now love her dearly. I know the ... man quite well and from what this ... has told me I am sure she really c... for him. What is more, I feel she wo... be happy with him for he is a better m... than I am.

Now though I should hate breaki... with her, I don't want to be an in... loper. Should I discontinue the frie... ship and thus make things easier ... those two or go on as at present a... possibly jeopardise three lives?

I rather think this young fellow ... suffering from what psychologists c... "inferiority complex." He tells me th... the other man is far better than he ... But he gives no reasons for that sta... ment.

If he knows any "just cause or i... pediment" why he could never ma... that girl, then he should certainly d... continue the friendship. Apart fro... that, there is no earthly reason why ... should do so.

What are the facts? He s... that he loves her dearly. S... on her part is free and u... attached. It would be entir... different if she were engaged to th... other man. But she has not accept... his proposals because she is not sure ... her feelings for him.

It is therefore up to her to choose ... one whom she considers will make h... happy. It is not always true to say th... all is fair in love and war. But ... this case my correspondent is certai... entitled to press his suit.

If the girl ultimately accepts him, th... I hope he will be happy. If she do... not, then he should leave the field cl... for the next one and wait until he c... meet someone else who can return ... affection.

Send your private problem to "Human... at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclos... stamped envelope. Letters sent to ... Inman at any other address cannot ... deal with. £1 1s. will be paid for ea... letter quoted.

Happiness for 6d.

You will enjoy the finest holiday ever if you take away a copy of *Summer Pie* with you.

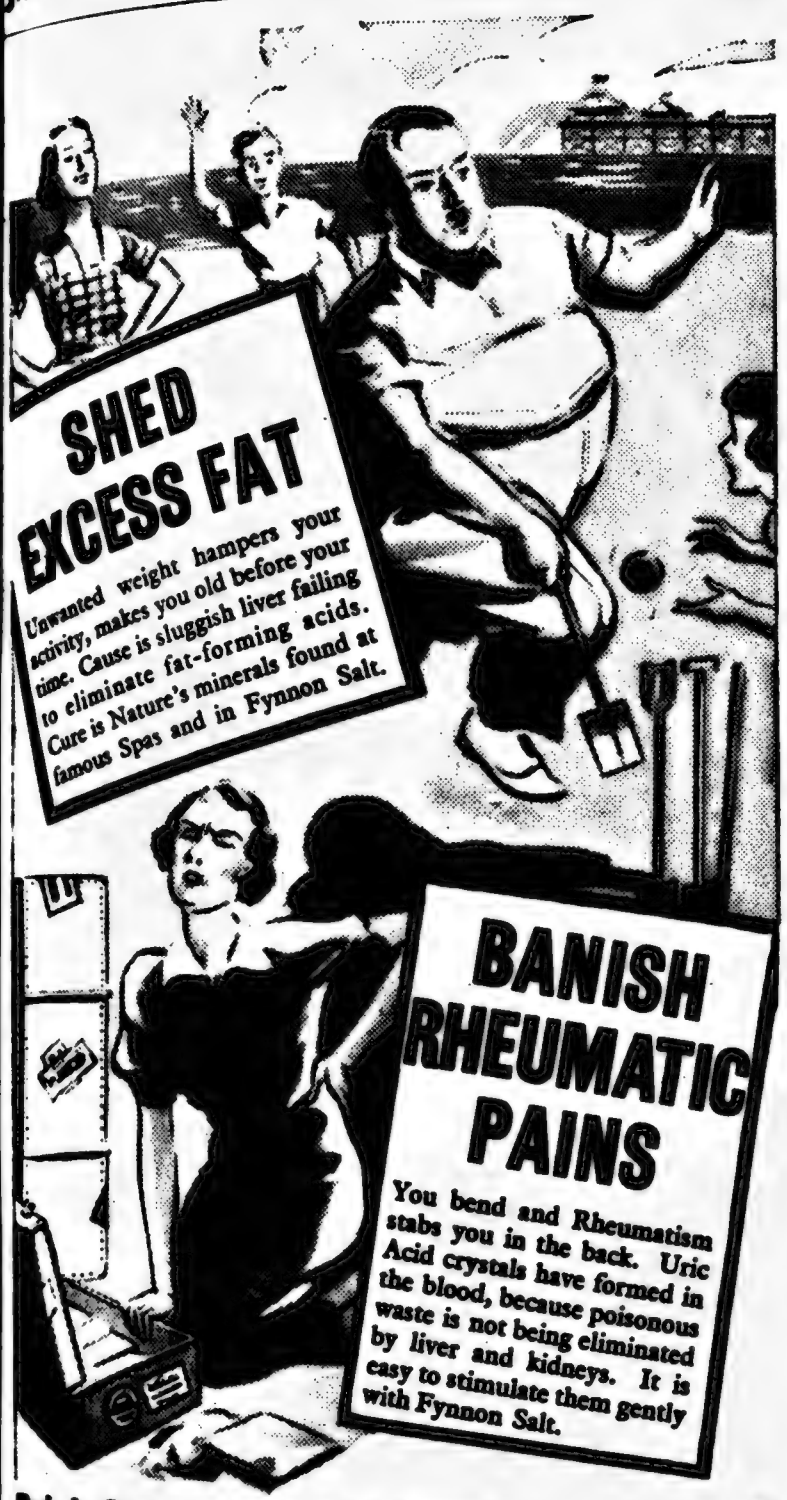
This wonderful 100-page holiday annual is a veritable feast of laughter and fiction served by nearly fifty of the finest writers, artists and humorists of our time.

They provide ideal entertainment for the happy leisure hours by the sea, in the countryside or at home.

The whole of the profits from the sale of *Summer Pie* will be devoted to charity. Copies, on sale everywhere, price 6d., are selling fast, and the only way to make sure of yours is to go round to your newsagent or booksellers at once.

FREE GIFT worth 7/6 for DOG OWNERS

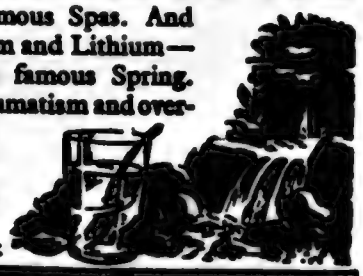
From every branch of Boots Cash Chemists, from Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists and Dog Food Shops throughout the Kingdom, you can obtain—ABSOLUTELY FREE—a superb Art Colour-Print, reproduced from the original oil-painting by Lucy Dawson, the celebrated dog artist. Each print is reproduced in full colour, measures 17 in. x 14½ in. and is of the type of quality sold by Art Dealers at not less than 7/6 per print. All you have to do to get this superb gift is to purchase a 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders, the famous powders used by 81 out of every 100 Dog Experts, and thoroughly recommended by most Vets., for keeping dogs in perfect coat and condition all the year round. Although much cheaper in use than ordinary powders, Karswood Dog Powders are the *only* powders which reach and tone up *every* vital organ in the dog's system. As a remedy for Scratching, Dog Eczema, Bad Breath, Poor Coat, Loss of Appetite and other dogy ailments there is nothing that cleans up the trouble so quickly as Karswood Dog Powders. So—give your dog better health by giving him Karswood Dog Powders and get the beautiful Art Colour-Print for yourself—it is a gift-of-a-lifetime. Ask for—and insist on having—KARSWOOD Dog Powders—the powders that Dog Experts use. Get a 1/- packet to-day while this wonderful opportunity still holds good.


SHED EXCESS FAT
Unwanted weight hampers your activity, makes you old before your time. Cause is sluggish liver failing to eliminate fat-forming acids. Cure is Nature's minerals found at famous Spas and in Fynnon Salt.
BANISH RHEUMATIC PAINS
You bend and Rheumatism stabs you in the back. Uric Acid crystals have formed in the blood, because poisonous waste is not being eliminated by liver and kidneys. It is easy to stimulate them gently with Fynnon Salt.

Drink Spa water at home

Fynnon Salt is not just another fizzy drink of 'salts.' In fact, a glass of water with a teaspoonful of Fynnon does not effervesce at all. It is still and cooling like the water of World-famous Spas. And Fynnon Salt combines Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—the curative elements of more than one famous Spring. Fynnon is a Spa treatment at home for Rheumatism and overweight. It attacks the root of the trouble. It cleanses the whole system, gives life a new sparkle. Take Fynnon Salt every morning on rising. Your chemist has large 1/3 tins.

FYNNON LIMITED, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX



FYNNON SALT *for Fitness!*

HAY FEVER CATARRH etc

Drink these minerals at their source—in name and truth. Rose breathing immediately—headache relieved—nasal germs, soothing. A tot bottle, Thirsty Weeks, Yorkton, and 6,000 other Chemists, or from Boosts, Ltd., Caernarvon, S.B.

Dr. SINGHA CATARRH JELLY

J. & H. WILSON LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Catarrh begins in the COLON—treat the CAUSE and your

CATARRH

HEAD NOISES, HAY FEVER AND CATARRHAL DEAFNESS CAN BE CLEARING FOR GOOD AND ALL BY

THE HEAD EFFECTS OF CATARRH are really symptoms of a much more serious and often dangerous internal condition.

THURSDAY*

AUG 12

or it shall not cost YOU *a* 1d.

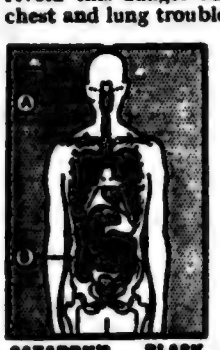
*This date applies to every reader of this paper who writes to Mr. Cooper TO-DAY. If you write to-morrow or the day after, you must add one or two days to the above date.

Sufferer's Amazing Health Discovery Makes Unqualified Public Guarantee Possible

THIS is not a far-fetched statement, but a definite fact based on the successful results achieved in over 100,000 cases. I repeat that your Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, and Hay Fever can be clearing for you **for good** in little more than a fortnight from the day you follow my advice. This is not an offer to **relieve** your troubles—any sprayer, inhalant or douche will do that—but a definite offer to show you how to remove **every trace** of the loathsome disease from your system **for ever.** I tell you from bitter experience that this can only be done by treating the **CAUSE,** which does not lie in the head, as so many people think, but in the **COLON,** where the waste matters of the body collect and form an ideal breeding ground for the catarrhal germs. From the colon the germs spread **UPWARDS,** infecting every part of the system—that is why you get indigestion, flatulence, heartburn and constipation—**that is why it is worse than useless to treat the head effects only.** You have probably spent pounds doing this already. I don't ask you to risk anything but a stamp, to post the coupon at side, and I would not dare to make this offer without the knowledge and experience of the truths I have stated here.

THE FACTS BEHIND MY OFFER THAT 100,000 HAVE ALREADY ACCEPTED

For the benefit of every reader with even the slightest anatomical knowledge, I publish below a diagram showing the two "black spots" of catarrh in the human body, which proves the amazing fact that **Catarrh begins in the colon.** You have Catarrh long before you notice the stuffiness, deafness or noises in your head, and unless you **ACT quickly** and treat the cause, you are liable to suffer all your life, gradually getting worse as the poison permeates the system. Avoid this danger and the threat of serious chest and lung troubles in later life. **Post the coupon at side to me NOW,** and by return I will send you **FREE** full information as to how you can treat the cause and effects of your Catarrh in the privacy of your own home **AT MY RISK.** Do not hope that the summer weather will end your Catarrh. Catarrh is certain to recur with increasing virulence as the germs spread up from the colon. Only by *acting now,* when Catarrh responds most readily to treatment, can you avoid the miseries of a chronic Catarrhal condition.



CATARRH'S BLACK SPOTS in the human body are shown above. Accumulation of germs and mucus occurs at A and B, which explains why only by treating both cause and effect at the same time can a permanent banishment of the horrible complaint be achieved.

ALLAN COOPER

THESE PEOPLE TOOK ME AT MY WORD

CATARRH, HEAD NOISES AND PHLEGM GONE

". . . I can safely say my catarrh has gone. The head noises have stopped, head feels clearer and no phlegm at the back of my throat. I feel and look very much better in every way. Thanking you very much for your help. . . ." L. REID, Kensington, W.8.

YOU TOOK ME OFF A SICK BED

". . . I have gone back to my original work (a coal miner) and doing a thorough hard day's work, which I have been doing for a month now, after being unable to do any work of any description for the past five years. I want you to remember that you took me off a sick bed when the doctors said I was not curable with chronic Catarrh all through me, and now I rise in the morning and do a hard day's work in the colliery on the coal and come home as fresh as a daisy and go to the pictures. God knows I can hardly realise the difference in myself. Where I was all yellow and blotchy skin, my skin is clear, eyes getting brighter. My cheeks, that have never had any colour for twenty years, are now coming rosy red, and that old tired and sleepy feeling is leaving me, and people are amazed at the change in me. . . ." R. CAREY.

NO TRACE OF CATARRH NOW

"I wish to write to thank you ever so much for your treatment for catarrh, from which I have suffered for many years. I may state that I feel much better, and also say that I have not felt any trace of catarrh since I left off your treatment. You have a wonderful treatment, and I shall recommend same to every sufferer of catarrh. You may use this letter if you wish to prove the cure of a long-standing disease." DAVID WILLIAMS.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"The treatment is supplied to anyone on a fifteen days' trial basis. The offer contained in the advertisement is genuine. The testimonials and other evidence, which have been investigated carefully, provide convincing proof that the Allan Cooper remedy is right." *Health and Strength*

ALL YOU RISK IS THE STAMP

Mr. Allan Cooper, 69 Strand, London W.C.2

Dear Sir,—Please send me, without obligation, your 32-page book, "*The Only Way to End Catarrh for Good,*" which tells me how to banish permanently my Catarrh, Head Noises, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness, together with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

Name .....
(Please Print in BLOCK Letters.)

Address .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover postage it will be appreciated, but this is not essential. "John Bull," 24/7/37.

BETS BY POST

THE STEWARDS' CUP

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

YOU ARE ON

FOR LETTERS POSTMARKED BEFORE THE STEWARDS' CUP OR ANY OTHER RACE FOR

COMMISSIONS

£1-UP TO ANY AMOUNT IN ACCORDANCE WITH RULES

NO LIMIT

SINGLES, DOUBLES, TREBLES FAVOURITES EVEN WHEN THE FAVOURITE STARTS AT ODDS ON

Write to-day FOR PARTICULARS OF OUR SERVICE

Please send particulars of your service. I am over 21 years of age.

Name

Address

J.B. 24/7/37.

Town County

DAVID COPE

BATH ST GLASGOW C 2

1 *New 'Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *New 'Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *New 'Veet'* is a dainty white cream — sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *New 'Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3

THEY'RE STEALING THE SEASHORE FROM US!

HOLIDAY-MAKERS at the seaside are finding that a new "grab" is in progress on a large scale.

In many places, wherever a few bungalows or houses have been built on the shore, a notice bearing the words "Private Beach" is raised and barbed wire or fencing is placed across the sands to enclose the areas which have been seized.—A. B. COOK, Taylor Road, Wallington, Surrey.

It is estimated that in the last fifteen years an average of at least 20 000 acres of foreshore has been appropriated annually by private individuals.

Vanishing

AT the present rate of disappearance and falling-off in breeding, the heavy shire horse used for land and road haulage must become extinct before 1970.—S. B. MCCLEAN, Nether Auldhouse Road, Newlands, Glasgow, S.3.

This verse made its appearance a few days ago outside a closed blacksmith's shop in Kent:—

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village blacksmith snoozes;
No horse since 1923
To him has been for shoeses.

Do You Agree?

MOTORISTS found guilty of careless or dangerous driving should be required to undergo a driving test as learners do before being allowed on the road again.

Recent remarks by both stipendiary and lay magistrates indicate that the Benches would support this proposal.

To distinguish the guilty from the innocent while awaiting the test, the careless driver should be made to display the letter "C" in front and rear and the dangerous driver the letter "D."—Mrs. C. BLENKIRON, Bath Road, Maidenhead, Berks.

It might as well be said that a wife-beater should be similarly distinguished after he has purged his offence by serving a sentence.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Goodwood "Goods"

THE Goodwood gambles must be decided this week as there will not be another opportunity of referring to the tit-bits of the Sussex meeting.

Stewards' Cup horses carry almost as much money as Hunt Cup candidates and the race is just as intriguing.

P. Maher, the big handicap specialist, has been engaged for Gunboat, and the Foxhill five-year-old was "shouted" in the Hunt Cup. He just failed to last home.

I fear Gunboat, but suggest taking a chance with the almost locally trained Fingall.

The French-bred, who is now with Gilpin at Findon, put up a slashing performance when winning the Pavilion Handicap at Brighton.

Other selections are Valerian for the Goodwood Cup, Fairplay for the Chesterfield Cup and Rondo for the Goodwood Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, July 22, to Wednesday, July 28.

R 98 T F O A F U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 95K962Z94OQ83V would read BATTLESHIP.

FROM OUR READERS

The Example

COULD the Divorce Bill be held back from the Statute Book a little longer to allow a serious omission to be repaired?

It is the need for relief to be given to husbands whose wives subject them to the mental cruelty of citing them as the "horrible example."

No matter what subject is under discussion, no matter who is present, my wife always finds an opportunity to hold me up as an exception to the general rules of human conduct.

When she wants to illustrate something foolish to her friends, she invariably begins with the phrase, "Take father there, for instance."—G. MACGREGOR, Neptune Street, Govan, Glasgow.

The Divorce Courts, already working overtime, would be swamped if this kind of torture became actionable.

Beware!

SOME days ago a man called at this house and stated that he had just laid a lawn at a near-by address and that he had a quantity of turves left.

He offered to supply and to lay them for me next day at the cheap price of 12s. 6d., but stated that he would have to be paid at once because the surplus turves belonged to his employer.

I have not seen him again, and, on going to the police, I was told that numerous complaints had been received from other householders.—M. ROBINSON, Briercliffe Road, Burnley, Lancs.

Reports of this fraud reach us also from Bristol, Sheffield, Warrington, Carlisle and the York district.

Speedy Payers

RATING officials have just pooled their experiences regarding the sections of the community who pay rates most promptly.

The distinction goes easily to civil servants, bank clerks and insurance company employees.

Tradesmen also say that these classes are quickest and most regular in paying their accounts.—F. W. KEEP, Clerk to the Cam Council, Glos.

Inland Revenue experience is that the worst income-tax laggards are titled and retired professional people.

Play by Wire

I AM a night telephone operator on the trunk services.

Since the new universal charge of a shilling for night trunk calls was introduced, the telephone has been used for quite a new purpose.

People hundreds of miles apart play cards, draughts and chess by it, passing calls to report moves in the games to their opponents.—J. M. HARDING, Fortune Green Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

Last week an international bowls contest was played by telegraph between Mexico and U.S.A. Positions were reported shot by shot and scores exchanged after each five ends.

Sufferers

LIEUT.-COLONEL COLVILLE, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, has resisted the plea for an increase of old-age pension rates on the ground that pensioners are not more adversely affected by the increase in the cost of living than are other sections of the community.

He has made a gross blunder. The official cost of living figure includes a great variation of commodities which are consumed by the general population.

But people, like old-age pensioners, who have restricted incomes are able to purchase only bare necessities—bread, tea, milk and so on—and the prices of these have advanced considerably more than the average of the items which compose the official figure.—J. GERALD KING, Fenham Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

Colonel Colville is also wrong in suggesting that old-age pension increases would be an impossible drain on the Exchequer. The total expenditure on pensions is £80,000,000, of which the Treasury finds only £13,000,000.

Rural Peace

BECAUSE of illness, the doctor ordered me to live in a quiet country place. This is the result.

Last night we retired at 10 p.m. A dog barked incessantly until 3 a.m., when my husband had to dress and call on the owner to have the animal quietened.

At 3.30 a cockerel at the end of the garden began to crow lustily. Then, after half an hour, bang, bang, bang! The cherry watchers had started firing to keep off the starlings, and their fusillade went on intermittently all day.

At every report, the neighbouring dog rushed out and barked in unison.

As I write (at 11 p.m.) two dog fights are in progress outside, and the voices of frightened women mingle with the snarls.—Mrs. CONSTANCE GREEN, Harden-waye, Totteridge, High Wycombe, Bucks.

The Noise Abatement people say that a sound impresses itself five times more violently on town dwellers in the country than if they were at home.

Potato Mystery

PUBLIC opposition must be raised to the scheme which is on foot in this country to use potatoes for the production of alcohol and petrol.

The potato is still second to bread as a prime necessity, and, if this plan is proceeded with, the price of the food stuff—already high enough, in all conscience—will become impossible to the ordinary consumer.

The only effect will be that a few potato producers will be enriched at the multitude made poorer.—J. SWINTON, Marshall Wallis Road, South Shields.

Suspicion attaches to this scheme because it is said that only surplus potatoes will be used. Yet potato production is now under a scheme of control whereby it is intended that there shall be no surplus.

We invite readers to write to us about any subject of public interest, keeping us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

LIVER & STOMACH DISORDERS

TWELVE DISTINCT HERBS BANISH GLOOM AND RESTORE JOY OF LIVING

For more than 70 years Mother Seigel's Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of all family remedies for Biliousness, Pain after eating, Flatulence, Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

Remember, good health and a cheerful outlook on life are founded on good digestion. Let Mother Seigel's Brand Digestive Syrup bring these gifts to you by stimulating your Liver, regulating your Bowels and giving you new strength and new life. For Sluggish Liver, Disordered Stomach, and Impaired Digestion, there is nothing to equal this old-time herbal remedy. 1/3 and 3/- at all chemists.

It is the special combination of extracts—found only in Mother Seigel's Brand Digestive Syrup—which gives them their supreme medicinal value.

ARTHRITIS

DEFINITE PROMISE OF RELIEF

A MEDICINAL TRIUMPH

ABUNDANT PROOF

Most people are by now fully aware of the amazing results obtained by taking RU-MARI. The proof is overwhelming that relief from ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and all allied painful ailments can be obtained and in some instances are finally conquered. RU-MARI relieves pain, soothes frayed nerves, reduces swelling, ensures restful nights and restores free movement to immobilised limbs.

Famous men including SIR HUGH WALPOLE and LIONEL BARRYMORE, as well as Clergymen, Government Officers, Doctors, Miners, Business Chiefs and private citizens, give testimony to the marvellous benefits they have derived from this important medicinal discovery.

AN AMAZING HISTORY

"I have just started taking RU-MARI as a last resource. I am bedridden and have suffered with Arthritis for years. I am a good subject with all the Doctor's certificates for paralysis, etc., I possess pictures of myself in bath chair and X-ray plates of arthritic spine and hip."

"I can now use a knife and fork. I have even been out of bed. I can sleep without drugs and I am not in pain."

"I went to London and walked from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park. I had been unable to walk for 4 years."

"I am having my first holiday for 10 years. I travelled alone by train carrying a small case. I did not even need a stick. I have just finished my 17th bottle."

G.M.R., Gillingham, Kent.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

giving the medical history of RU-MARI, what it is and does and convincing testimony from those it has helped almost beyond belief, free and post free.

Of all chemists, 6/6 and 12/- per bottle.

RU-MARI

Brand Compound

THE PROVEN REMEDY FOR ARTHRITIS

RU-MARI LTD. (Dept. J.B.), First Avenue House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 622 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tiredness, run-down condition, and stops that failing to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 622. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432). Special Book on *Heart Troubles* (*J.B.320*) *Price 2d. Post Free.*

Here are further well known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"SHADFOS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 67) the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1168). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.

Dispensing Chemists

Dept. J.B.119, 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

£20 in Cash Prizes FREE! For best Last Line to Limerick on page 29.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA CHEESE" offer a first prize of £10 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 29. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, July 30, 1937. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

I'm not doubtful

In fact I'm pretty sure you'll find it difficult to discover an 8d. tobacco with anything like the cool smoking and lasting qualities of 'Digger.' Only the choicest Empire leaf goes into 'Digger', and preferential duty helps us to produce it at a price which is many a man's limit. Why not invest 8d. next time, and prove its quality for yourself — Player's reputation behind it means a 'good deal'.

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

TOBACCOS

8D

P.D.47

FLAKE - SHAG - PLUG MIXTURE - HONEYDEW

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

ASTHMA

Himrod's Cure, backed up by a 65 year record, has brought relief to thousands throughout the world. It relaxes the bronchial tubes; permits natural breathing and gives prompt relief. Get it today but *insist on the genuine.*

IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST

HIMROD'S CURE

A REMINDER

You're bound to find something of interest and value in the "John Bull Shop Window" and the "Small Ads Worth Watching"—So

Don't overlook the

"John Bull" Shop Window

on pages 2 and 3 and

The Small Ads Worth Watching

on page 14

Stop Hair Falling

GROW IT LIKE THIS

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics but the excessive falling of the hair continued. Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb and a New, Beautiful Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff. Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO QUICKLY STOPS

Hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap get rid of dandruff and quicken slow growth.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.

To JOHN HARE BRITTAIN, LTD., 8, Percy Street (32, 67), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Skin-tee

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.* —But it must be KEATINGS

Cartels 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

WEAK ARCHES

cause Foot and Leg Pains

Tired, aching feet, rheumatic-like foot and leg pains — all symptoms of weak or fallen arches. To get immediate relief and remove the cause, wear Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports in your shoes. They stop the muscular and ligamentous strain which causes your pain; gently but firmly support the arch. Worn comfortably in any properly fitted shoe. On sale at all Dr. Scholl's Depots. From 10/6 per pair.

D'Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

Getting Up Nights caused by Kidney Germs

Are you worried and annoyed by Getting Up Nights? If so, you should know that the true cause is irritating Germs which also cause other distressing symptoms, such as Nervousness, Leg Pains, Swollen Joints, Backache, Dizziness, frequent Headaches, Puffy Eyelids, Burning Passages, Loss of Appetite and Vigour, so that you feel old, tired and worn out before your time.

Ordinary medicines can't help much because they don't kill the Germs. But, fortunately for sufferers, the Doctor's formula Cystex starts killing Kidney Germs in 3 hours, ends pain, stimulates and tones the Kidneys and Bladder and thus restores Health and Vigour. Users feel younger, stronger, and sleep soundly the first or second night. Cystex is guaranteed to be exactly the medicine you need and to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex to-day.

WIN A 2500-MILE HOLIDAY TOUR, PENSION and FORTUNE
JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD
£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
Also EUROPEAN TOUR FOR TWO
Visiting Ostend, Brussels, Cologne, Coblenz, Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Munich, Innsbruck, Venice, Milan, Lugano, Lucerne and Paris.
SEE SIX COUNTRIES IN LUXURY!
and £500 Cash
INCREASED LUMP SUM C.F.
£800 WILL TAKE PLACE OF 3
Unlimited SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull"

STUDY THESE CLUES.

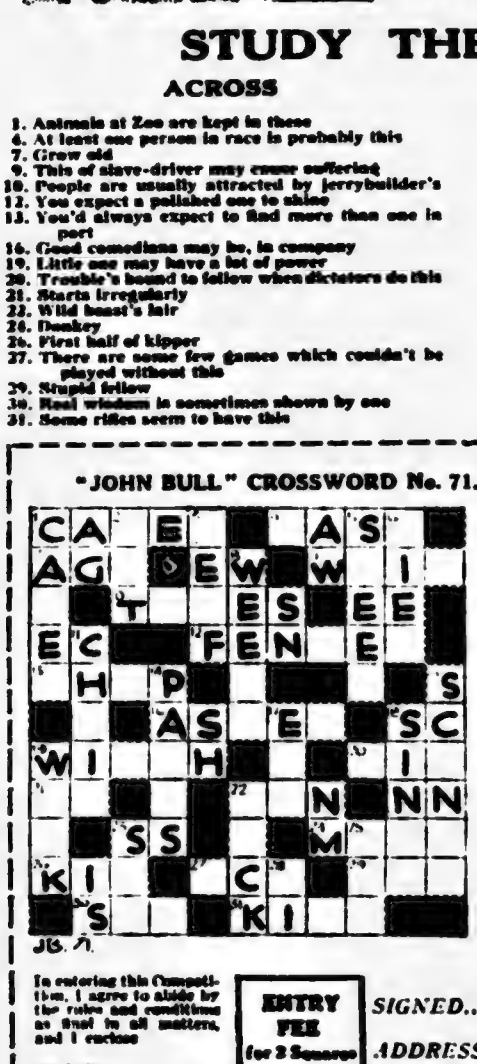
ACROSS

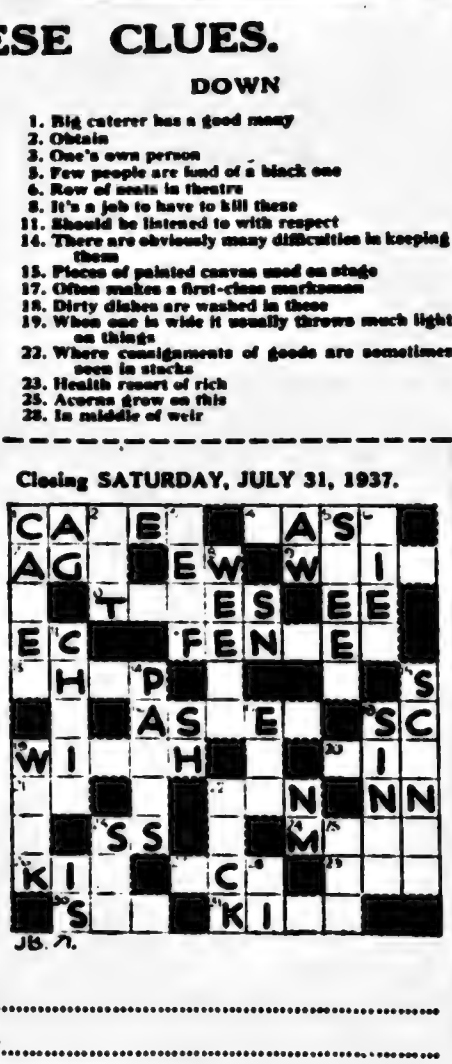
1. Animals at Zoo are kept in these
4. At least one person in race is probably this
7. Grow old
9. This of slave-driver may cause suffering
10. People are usually attracted by jerrybuilder's
12. You expect a polished one to shine
13. You'd always expect to find more than one in port
16. Good comedians may be, in company
19. Little one may have a lot of power
20. Trouble's bound to follow when dictators do this
21. Starts irregularly
22. Wild beast's hair
24. Donkey
25. First half of kipper
27. There are some few games which couldn't be played without this
29. Stupid fellow
30. Real wisdom is sometimes shown by one
31. Some rifles seem to have this

DOWN

1. Big caterer has a good many
2. Obtain
3. One's own person
5. Few people are fond of a black one
6. Row of seats in theatre
8. It's a job to have to kill these
11. Should be listened to with respect
14. There are obviously many difficulties in keeping them
15. Pieces of painted canvas used on stage
17. Often makes a first-class marksman
18. Dirty dishes are washed in these
19. When one is wide it usually throws much light on things
22. Where consignments of goods are sometimes seen in stacks
23. Health resort of rich
25. Acorns grow on this
28. In middle of weir

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 71. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1937.





In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

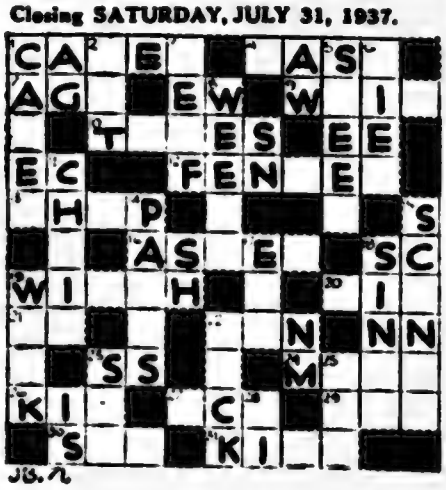
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No 71. Closing SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1937.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 71, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PRESENTED on this page is the seventy-first of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, Aug. 12, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 39. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "A/c"; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form: Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, July 31.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adhering Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaw occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Aug 12. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, Aug 17, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £800 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

PRIZE FOR NEWSAGENTS

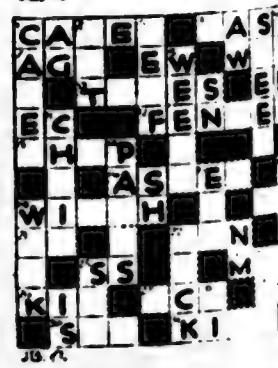
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

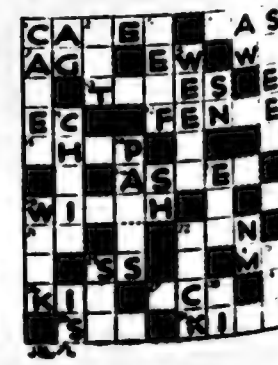
CROSSWORD No. 69

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those printed in the Square below.

Winners on page 38

COPY SQUARES ONLY





ACK (Norwood).—"I don't feel at home when served by obsequious waiters." You aren't.

B (York).—"I fell in with a few navvies and we had a few drinks." Then it fell out?

CONTINENTAL (Runcorn).—"In my young days we got up with the lark." Nowadays young people stay up for one.

G. G. (Leeds).—"I was struck by lightning while cooking sausages in the kitchen." A flash in the pan.

L. P. (Goole).—"She imagines that she has a most beautiful skin." A superiority complexion.

M. C. (Clacton).—"A married man has to cook his own meals sometimes." Get of the frying-pan into the fryer.

A. S. T. (Edgware).—"What makes an early morning cup of tea in bed so sweet?" Sugar.

D. H. (Epsom).—"It has been hot weather for hiking lately." Thirsty work at the crossroads.

G. R. (Droitwich).—"I threw lumps of coal at my son to get him out of bed the other morning." You turfed him out.

ATTENDANT (Kensington).—"The modern girl is so independent that she often refuses all assistance on the skating rink." She stands up for herself?

H. B. (Dalston).—"The majority of people don't seem to realise that the Sun is Nature's doctor." It never dawns on them.

TRUMPET (Gloucestershire). — "Our band practises in an old barn which nobody owns." So you aren't afraid of lifting the roof.

BLACKSMITH (Kendal).—"My new hobby is sculpture, and I am at present working on a model of the human skull." You're shaping a head.

M. Y. (Norwich).—"Is it true that pickpockets cost this country thousands of pounds a year?" Well, they certainly run away with the money.

BAT (Bournemouth).—"I proposed to her whilst we were bathing." You took the plunge.

H. M. (Margate).—"The modern girl doesn't care a fig for romance." Try offering her a date.

D. N. B. (Esher).—"I have invented a revolving dinner-table." That should make the food go round.

W. N. V. (Edgware).—"Stretching is the latest beauty exercise for girls." Belles on their toes.

D. B. (Huddersfield).—"I am acquainted with an immensely rich electric bulb manufacturer, and he is the most modest man I know." He makes light of his achievements?

L. H. (Ely).—"A well-known cricketer went out shooting wildfowl recently, but only succeeded in smashing the clay pigeon." He broke his duck?

JOHN (Halifax).—"My wife coerced me into handing a recent increase in pay over to her intact." She took a fee out of you, eh?

J. R. (Manchester).—"The builder told me it was rumoured my house was built on solid rock, but I have found this not to be the case." It is without foundation.

SALESMAN (Plymouth).—"As a novelty the manager has just had a revolving counter installed in one of our departments." So that customers may be served in rotation?

"It's a short cut, and much prettier this way."
—From "The Passing Show"

The Editor Laughs Last

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

ST. PANCRAS CHRONICLE:—"Two beautifully UNFURNISHED rooms."

LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—". . . and was a prominent exhibitor and competitor at agricultural shows in the horse PUMPING classes."

THE NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—"Your Majesty's ancient town of —— will be found second to NINE in loyalty . . ."

PRACTICAL MECHANICS:—"Before conversion, it consumed one gallon to every 6.65 miles . . ."

EVENING DAILY PRESS:—". . . The provision of waiting would be considerably increased for them if a little more care were taken to make them UNCOMFORTABLE."

SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY:—". . . and clapped his hand across the BACK of his mouth."

Chemist (Southampton).—"I have discovered something which will make a tired man spring to his feet instantly." That's not original.

PUZZLED (London, W.).—"I ask you, where can one be certain of getting a nice cool drink?" Off the ice.

IRONMONGER (London, S.E.).—"My assistant has sold dozens of lawn mowers this year, but I don't know how he does it." He pushes them evidently.

MRS. T. (Brighton).—"The salesman was reluctant to sell me the shoes I wanted until I insisted." You put your foot down.

C. T. (London, S.).—"My money was stolen while returning from a shopping expedition with my wife." It doesn't seem possible

T. P. (Margate).—"My seaside landlady seems to expect me to do her gardening in my spare time." Well, we suppose you applied to her for digs?

E. B. (Exeter).—"Some of the members of our hiking club give strange lectures on their hobby by the wayside." Rambling statements?

NATURALIST (Kensington).—"The wild boar is the most terrible creature I have ever come across." We are sure our tame bore at the club is worse.

ACTOR (Chelsea).—"I have been engaged by a film company to appear in a scene where the leading man comes home drunk." You are to be one of the supporting players, then?

MARJORIE (Wood Green).—"Name me anything more painful than sitting in a dentist's waiting room." Sitting in his chair.

P. C. (Bournemouth).—"I suspected that he was in the habit of leaving his car outside in the road for hours at a time, and at last I was able to prove it." You kept a watch?

GNOMON (Elstree). — "A Hollywood dialogue-writer is claiming to have originated the expression, 'Step on it!'" We were always under the impression that it was Sir Walter Raleigh.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

CONJURER (Balham).—"I have been performing my great cabinet trick for 25 years." Keeping up disappearances.

R. G. (Guildford).—"I wish I could tell what the modern generation is driving at." Look at the speedometer

BATSMAN (Rye).—"I shook like a jelly when opening the innings." Did you get set?

GLAZIER (Bolton).—"This is always a bad time of the year for me." You don't get much for your panes.

R. H. (Oakham).—"I am up at four every morning and put the kettle on myself." It would boil quicker if you put it on the stove.

B. R. (Lewes).—"I wonder if my neighbours will guess why I've put wire netting all round my garden fence?" Yes, they'll see through it all right.

C. H. (Maidstone).—"Although farmers are doing their best to exterminate rooks it should be remembered they are real British birds." To the caw.

C. K. (St. Albans).—"After a bathe, what is more hopeless than trying to dress quickly in the pouring rain?" Trying to dry yourself we should say.

GOLFER (Parkstone).—"It was only by constant experiments with my stance that enabled me to perfect my drive." You hit it at last.

R. H. (Gosport).—"My wife was very annoyed and definitely refused to walk down the garden until I put some flagstones on the path." That smoothed things over.

RIDER (Dorset).—"I have an opportunity of riding under National Hunt Rules next season." You mean to jump at the chance.

ACROBAT (Chester).—"After so much practice I am just as much at home upside down as I am right side up." You can do your stuff on your head.

T. E. (Plymouth).—"After he had hit me my wife said that I had made myself cheap by accepting compensation instead of prosecuting him." So he struck a bargain.

G. B. (Staunton).—"When I moved into the house I found an old wire mattress in the garden almost hidden by flowers growing through the mesh." Ah! flowers that bloom in the spring.

R. T. (Ramsgate).—"My wife was terribly annoyed when I bobbed up under the board as she was about to dive." Did she come down heavily on you?

DAD (Bromwich).—"I knew he was keen to take over the factory from me, so I made the whole business over to him as a wedding present." You gave him the works!

GARDENER (Hants).—"One of my colleagues made quite an income from the vegetables he stole until the head gardener questioned me." And you spilled the beans?

P. M. C. (Clapham).—"Even if they give people pensions at sixty, I'll have twenty years to wait for mine." But you can win a JOHN BULL Life Pension at any age; there's one offered on page 36 and another on page 39.

WHITE HOPE (Rugby).—"My trouble is I never get a proper try-out, as my opponents in the ring are always so much smaller than I." You are too big for your bouts.

R. Y. (Chiswick).—"My offer of a gold pocket-watch in payment for some provisions I wished to buy was refused." Evidently your grocer wasn't interested in tick.

F. G. (Brixham).—"Imagine my consternation when informed by the surgeon after I had recovered from an operation for supposed appendicitis that the trouble had been a bit of shrapnel." He took it out of you.

HENPECKED (London, S.W.).—"As soon as I unlocked the front door of my mother-in-law's house, I was greeted with a storm of missiles." Of course, you did not know what you were letting yourself in for.

R. B. (Westminster).—"An M.P. recently mentioned the case of a Borstal boy whose ambition was to become a politician." But we understand that the lad was not committed to Borstal solely on that account.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

"Nearly Lost my job"

AS SOON AS weak kidneys cause backache, urinary disorders, disturbed sleep, nerve pains, painful muscles and joints or swollen limbs, strengthen the kidney filters with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Don't wait until the system becomes so poisoned that you are unfit for work and are afraid of the sack. Follow the advice of grateful users who say "I wish I had used Doans Pills earlier."

Retired Schoolmaster Writes

"Radfall Court, Whitstable."

"Once more on my 82nd birthday, I wish you every prosperity. I must sincerely thank you for keeping me so fit for the past 40 years. My friends say on seeing me, 'Good old Doans,' and I am proud of it. (*Signed*) J. D. Griffiths."

A Nurse's Testimony

"5, Vivian Crescent, Chester le Street."

"I tell all my patients about Doans Pills. Years ago my kidney system was out of order; Doans Pills put my back right, removed the headaches and giddiness and brightened me up in every way. (*Signed*) A. M. Kirby."

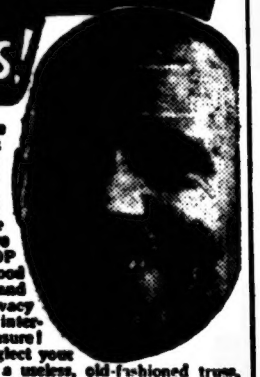
Get rid of Kidney Troubles, Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

Ask your Chemist for

1/3 3/- 5/-

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!



Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good—pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is healing as well as holding. Feather-light, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE.** 3,200 doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for free book now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

COUPON FREE BOOK

(*Post to either London or Manchester*)

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(Dept.), 88, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(Dept.), Milton Chambers, Milton Street, Cheetham Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name .....

Address .....

(Please write plainly) .....

—Cut out and Post—TO-DAY—

Blown Through LOCKED DOOR

HIS father and his grandfather before him had celebrated birthdays by staging their own display of home-made fireworks. In preparation for his own birthday, Mr. P. Wait, of 39, Wellington Gardens, Battle, Sussex, arose early one morning to test some powder which he had obtained. Suddenly there was a roar and a blue flash. The next second he lay inert on his front lawn, yet the front door was still shut securely *and* locked. He had been blown clean through it and died in hospital shortly after.

JOHN BULL'S CHEQUE.

As Mr. Wait was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly sent to his widow.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

In addition to numerous other accident benefits JOHN BULL is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

£778 4s. 9d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone JOHN BULL distributed no less than £778 4s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependents, as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits, £254 14 9
Accident Benefits—Adults ... £103 10 0
Children's Accidents ... £420 0 0

REMEMBER—even care and caution may not be sufficient protection against the UNEXPECTED. For the sake of your dear ones, your home and yourself, use the forms below to-day.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/7/37.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

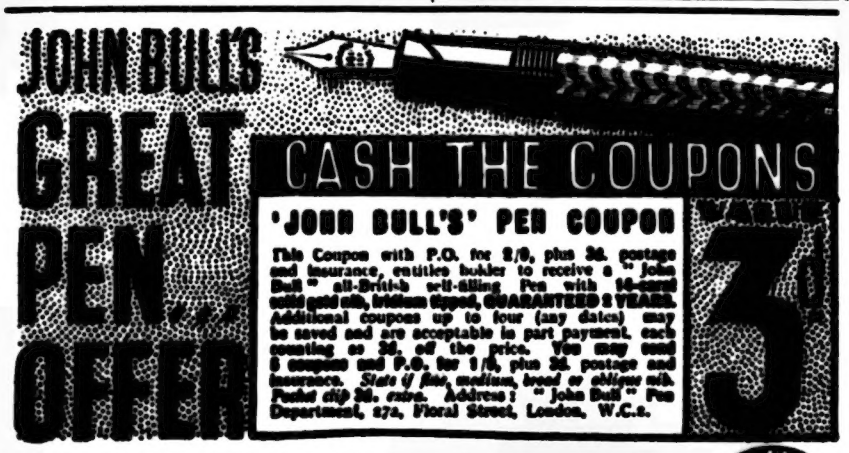
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/7/37.

Just a minute, please!

—that's all it will take to turn to the "John Bull" Shop Window on pages 2 and 3, and the Small Ads. Worth Watching on page 14. You're bound to find something of interest or value on these important pages, full of bargains!

Sufferers from SKIN TROUBLES should turn to page 31.

★ ***Particulars of a new discovery can be obtained by filling in the Coupon.***


JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Postal slip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3

"Now it's Your Turn for the WORLD CRUISE!"

1936 Winner Chats with 1937 Winner

THIS happy picture, which I snapped the other day, records a big moment in the 24 years of our *Bullets* history, writes a JOHN BULL man.

On my left is 32-year-old Mr. Hugh Smith, now of 29, Hill View Road, Chislehurst; on my right is 35-year-old Mr. A. W. Baxter, 28, Oakfield Road, Ilford. And they are both *Bullets* "champions," for each has won a fortune and lifelong income from JOHN BULL.

Six weeks ago, Mr. Smith returned with his bride from the 40,000-mile World Cruise for Two which was part of the huge *Bullets* First Prize he captured last summer. And he was good enough to accept JOHN BULL'S invitation to come with me to congratulate Mr. Baxter on winning a similar Wonder Voyage for Two, an increased fortune of £1,250 and a magnificent Life Pension of £6 Weekly in Contest No. 1,077.

"That World Cruise will be the most wonderful five months of your life," Mr. Smith assured the man who is to follow him round the world at JOHN BULL'S expense. "Apart from all the pleasure you'll get, the experience is bound to be valuable, whatever line of business you are in."

"I am a coal merchant and haulage contractor," Mr. Baxter told us. "Since my father's death seven years ago, my brother and I have carried on the firm of F. A. Baxter and Co. My brother will manage the business for me whilst I take my mother with me round the world."

After these two World Cruise winners had discussed the *Franconia's* 40,000-mile voyage, the conversation turned to *Bullets* and, in particular, the effort which brought Mr. Baxter his mighty 3-figure prize. This was the telling and up-to-date *Bullet*, NEVILLE'S JOB—"LASTING PROSPERITY WITHOUT "ROD."

Like Mr. Smith, we discovered, Mr. Baxter had won nothing but minor awards before his giant success. Both agreed that their "Target" prizes had served as encouraging signs that a far bigger prize was within reach.

* * *

As you turn to the *Examples* for the fine one-week Holiday Offer opposite remember that even if you have previously won nothing but a "Target" prize—even indeed, if you have yet to score your first success—there is no reason why the splendid Pension-plus-Holiday Future should not be yours.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1078

First Prize, £300 Cash plus Family Holiday:
R. McCULLOUGH, 61, Belmont Park, Belfast.

Example: AUNTIE'S STOCKING
Bullet: *Prevents* Us STRANGLING HER!

£50 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

Mrs. D. M. MORRIS, "Wilmor," Myrddin Crescent, Carmarthen.
Example: King Daddy
Bullet: Lays "Foundation"—With Slipper!

£25 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

E. GANE, 18, Blackburn Street, Collyhurst, Manchester.
Example: Through The Desert
Bullet: Since My "Tribe Roamed."

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: J. POLEY, 27, Newport Road, Manchester.
Our Visitors—Troubles—Smile, They'll *Leave*!

£9 10s.: J. BELSHAW, 96, Tower Street, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.
Fair Play—Aim For Name For!

£9: C. GOODINSON, 17, Alexandra Road, Birkenhead.
Doomed To Disappointment—"I am Forty-eight, Active——"

£8 10s.: Miss A. L. SUMMERS, 269, St. Benedict's Road, Birmingham.
My Goddess—Greek "Marble"? English "Brick"!

£8: R. C. TAYLOR, 11, Standard House, Huddersfield.
Hero Of The Regiment—Sergeant-major's Son—Joined *Navy*!

£7 10s.: V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
We'd Be Happy If — "Climber" Visited "Nest" *Oftener*.

£7: L. BARNES, 18, Ramsden Avenue, Scholemoor, Bradford.
Through The Desert—Dole Merely "Wetting Lips."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6 10s.: H. JOHNSON, 20, Hall Street, Pendleton.
Loophole In The Law—Evident—*Punishes* Only Justice!

£6: H. HALL, 7, Lees Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.
Wise Pilot—Or *Was* Pilot!

£5 10s.: C. E. ROBINSON, 8, Windermere Crescent, Eastbourne.
Through The Desert—Her "Starry" Smile Helped.

£5: Miss A. HUTCHINSON, 13, Monagh Street, Milford, Armagh.
Auntie's Stocking — She'd Exchange Her "Trousers"!

£4 10s.: Mrs. M. BLATHERSWICK, The Forge, Risley, Derby.
To Blame—You Are? You're Rare!

£4: A. B. HUGHES, 36, Brighton Road, Weston-super-Mare.
Our Visitors — Thrilled — Family Skeleton "Escapes"!

£3 10s.: J. ATKINSON, 2, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness
Simpler—Nudist Made *Gnats'* Life.

3 OF £3 EACH:

H. A. BAKER, The Rookery, Keynsham, Bristol.
Fair Play—Taxpayer Gets By "Kicking"

Mrs. C. BENNETT, 15, Albert Street, Leamington Spa, Warwicks.
King Daddy—"Detained" During Royal "Pleasure."

R. HASTINGS, 65, Ransom Road, Foleshill, Coventry.
Stoking Up—Kiddies—Dad "Without" Smoke

A list of the 25 £1 5s. and 800 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

8 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 69

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 69 the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see page 30) were the following eight competitors:—

[illegible]

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750 and a [illegible] £93 15s. 0d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a [illegible] not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order [illegible] Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £150 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between [illegible] competitors from whom we received Squares lodged in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer [illegible] with the best Squares received. These entrants will each receive 10s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An additional Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up in this Contest who entered in one envelope [illegible] dispensy entry forms.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 1,924 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WHO WANTS THIS GREAT NEW PENSION-plus-HOLIDAY FIRST PRIZE FOR A "BULLET"?

£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and a FREE FAMILY HOLIDAY

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF 300 GUINEAS CASH

100 HOLIDAY PRIZES

One week only!

NO POSTMARK AFTER JULY 31

£50 AND FAMILY HOLIDAY

£25 AND FAMILY HOLIDAY

£20	£15	£10	£9	£8.10	
£7.10	£7	£6.10	£6	£5.10	
£5	£4.10	£4	£3.10	£3	

2,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
3,000 "STAR TARGETS"

500 OF 216

80 HOLIDAY FARES OF 25/-

YOUR IDEAL HOLIDAY

With Fares, Hotel accommodation and entertainments for a one-week Holiday (for two adults and up to two children) all provided FREE by "John Bull," your holiday problem is solved.

ADDED HOLIDAY ATTRACTION

To highest prize (other than first, second or third) won by a "Bullet" containing the word HOLIDAY. "John Bull" will add an extra £5 CASH.

PENSION AND HOLIDAY CHEQUES GALORE— BUT ONLY ONE WEEK TO WIN!

BEFORE you to-day is another fine one-week *Bullets* Holiday offer, headed by a new Pension-plus-Holiday First Prize. Spare half an hour to make an entry during the next few days and yours may be the tremendous thrill of a gay "Greetings" telegram from JOHN BULL bringing congratulations on capturing 20s. Weekly for Life and a Family Holiday, the biggest of this week's 10,600 prizes. Glorious free Holiday Weeks are also in store for the winners of this Contest's Second and Third Cash Prizes, so that *three* entrants for this week's Contest will soon be able to enjoy a family visit to the seaside at JOHN BULL'S expense. A fine batch of Holiday Cheques supports these seasonable 2-in-1 awards, and amongst them are sums of £5 for Holiday Fares for no fewer than 80 entrants in this splendid one-week Offer.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to secure a care-free Holiday for yourself and your family—or line your purse with bullets cash at a time when it can bring in the maximum benefit. Read the simple instructions below and then tackle the *Examples* without delay.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

If you require to capture one of this week's fine Cash-plus-Holiday prizes the TWO, THREE or FOUR simple words apt and original comment, closely linked with one of the 36 *Examples* printed on this page.

Make a start by reading slowly through the list of *Examples* and selecting, say, the one on which to concentrate. Then jot down opposite each of these chosen *Examples* all the rough ideas it suggests to your mind. There you have your raw material: your next step is to condense and improve these first rough notes into polished *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, that you had decided to add to the *Example*, WITHOUT HALOS, some comment on the Church. As a beginning you might scribble down, *The Right Sort of Clergyman*, from which you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, HARMONY PILLS—BEST "PATTERN" OF SERMON.

Before you commence making up your own *Bullets*, study carefully the good efforts of the leading efforts in our 1,078th Contest, which appear on the opposite page. Then start on your efforts without delay, for, if you are to win one of this Contest's magnificent Holiday Prizes, your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, July 31.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,082)

ANGLER NEVILLE
IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST
BLOWS OF ADVERSITY
NOW SONNY'S LEFT SCHOOL
BROKE DOWN THE BARRIERS
TO HELP THE POLICEMAN
AFTER A HOLIDAY
WITHOUT FRILLS
CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSION
SHOWS HE'S ENTERPRISING
WITH A WICKED GRIN
HE ROLLED UP HIS SLEEVES AND

GREAT RACE	REVOLUTION
MODERN ROAD	WIFEY'S MONEY
GLARING EVIL	INFURIATED
RIGHT HOME	FORTY
OUT	DONKEYS
THE TICKET	PATRONIZING

SLAVE OF THE MACHINE
"I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"
CAST-IRON CERTAINTY
SQUARING UP
AUNTIE'S GOLDFISH
ENJOYING THE SUNSET
DULL AS DITCH-WATER
BENEATH CONTEMPT
I LIKE THE SEASIDE, BUT
WHEN NEIGHBOURS RETURN
PENSIONS AT SIXTY
WE ONLY LIVE ONCE, SO

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £1,250 chosen by the First Prize-winner (together with World Cruise Certificate for £50) in Competition No. 1077 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. F. Cheek, 103, Ley Street, Ilford, Essex.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 1½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 93, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,082) Closing postmark SAT., July 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,082) Closing postmark SAT., July 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words ONLY.

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,082) Closing postmark SAT., July 31	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(1,082) Closing postmark SAT., July 31.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,082 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,082, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why is she sure to Enjoy her HOLIDAYS

SHE'S healthy, happy and deliciously slim and is certain to enjoy every minute of her holidays—all because she takes her nightly Bile Beans.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and attractively slim.

Start taking Bile Beans to-night and so make sure of being at your best on your Summer Holidays.

YOUR AUGUST HOLIDAYS

A complete change of air and diet is apt to upset one internally. A nightly dose of Bile Beans guards against all this.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable and can be taken regularly with perfect safety by young and old alike.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YOUR BEST

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